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COMICS GROUP

ACH

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AMERICAN  
COMICS GROUP

ACH

No 45,  
NOV.

10¢

# COOKIE



SOME  
BRAKES,  
HUH,  
COOKIE?

SCREECH!

STOP



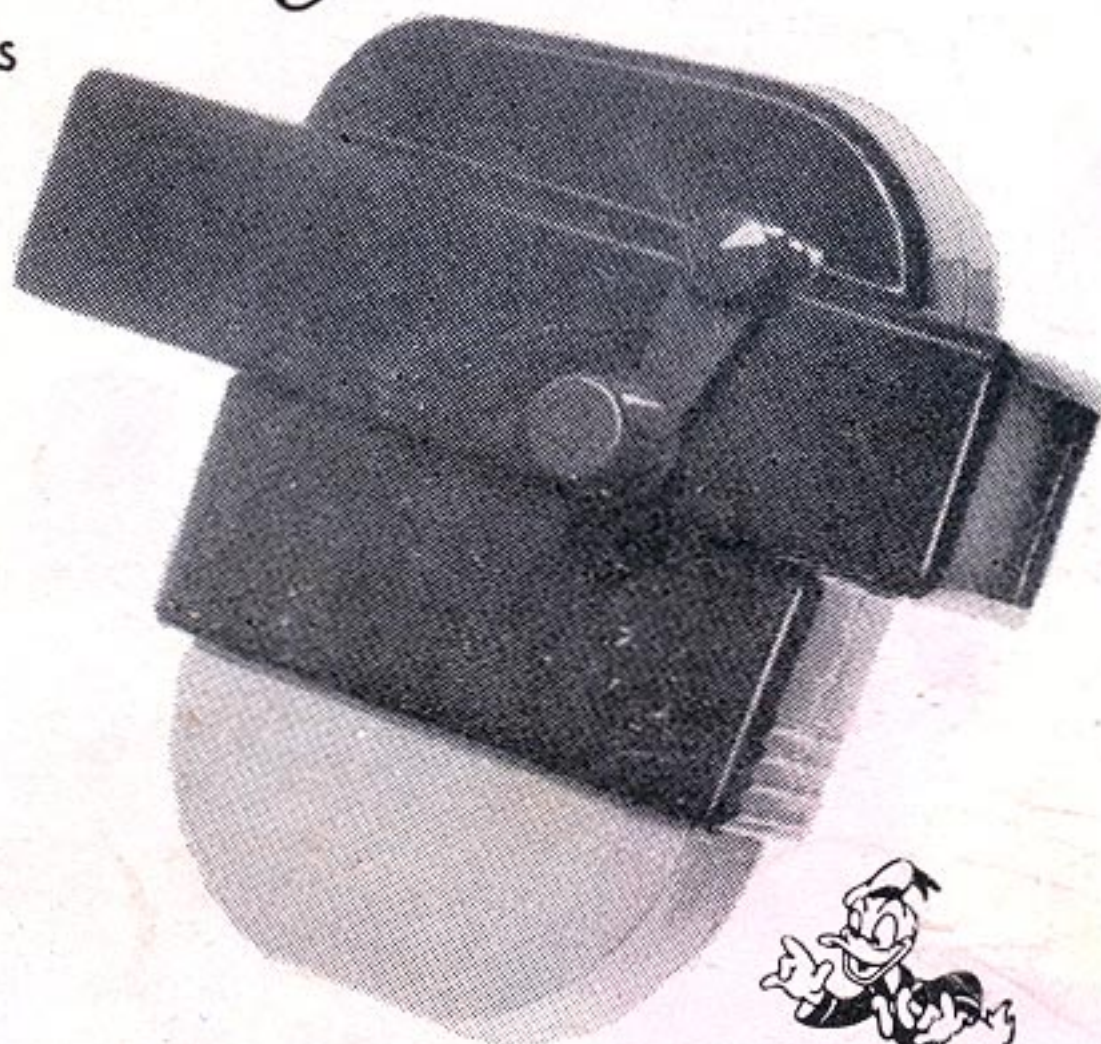


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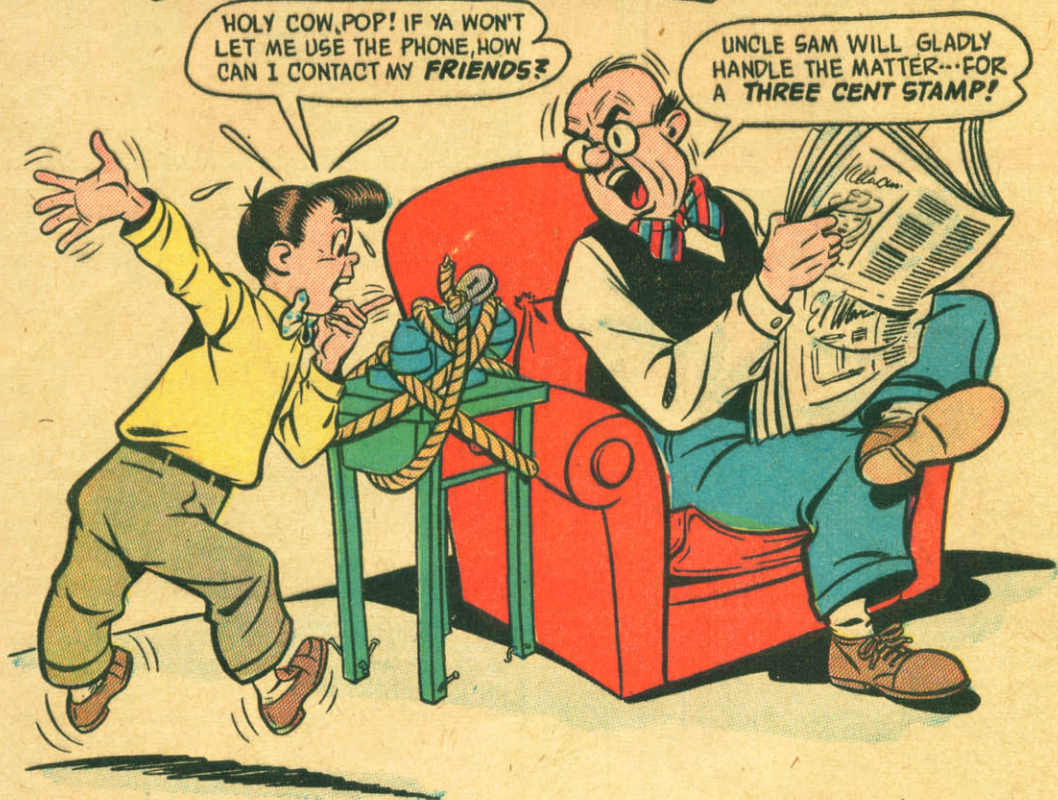
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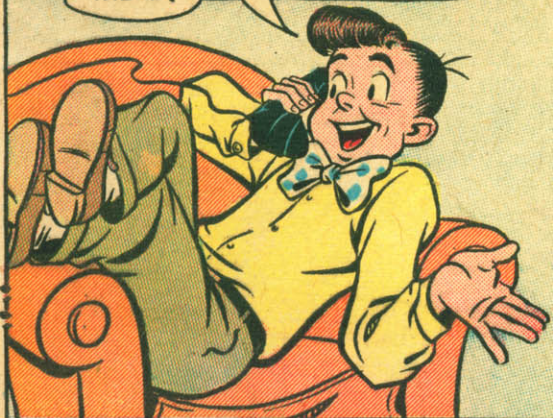
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plastic magazine!



# "COOKIE"



WHY, SURE I LOVE YA, ANGELPUSS! YEAH...YEAH!...  
WHAT? NAW! JITTERBUCK AN' I WENT TO THE BALL  
GAME, AN' THEN DOWN TO THE SODA JERKERIE!  
MAN, MAN, WAIT'LL YA HERE WHAT HAPPENED  
THERE!



AND SUFFERING ON THE PARTY LINE...

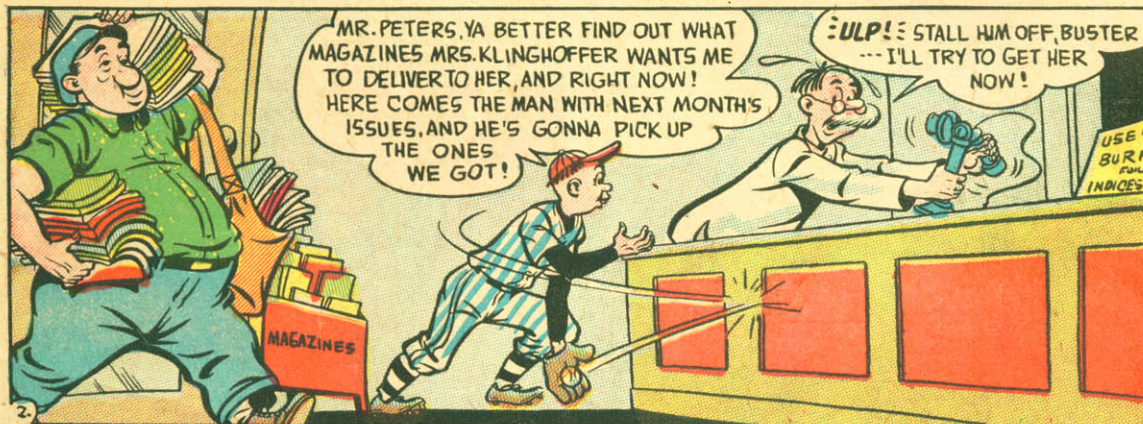
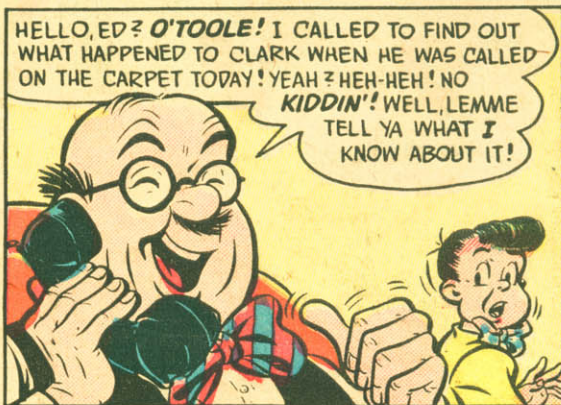
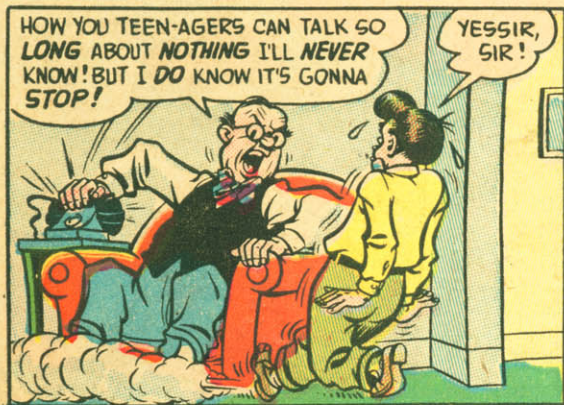
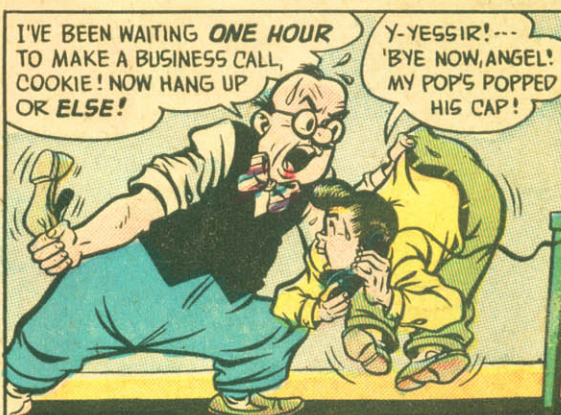
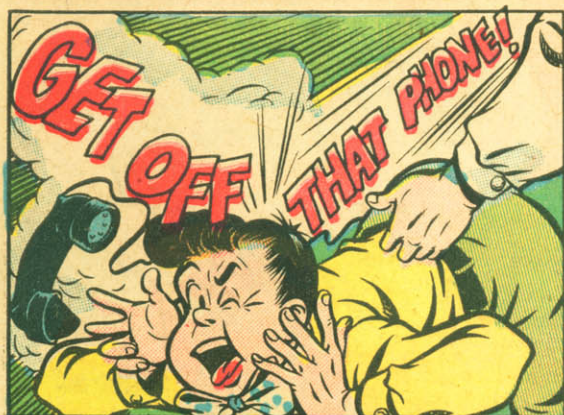
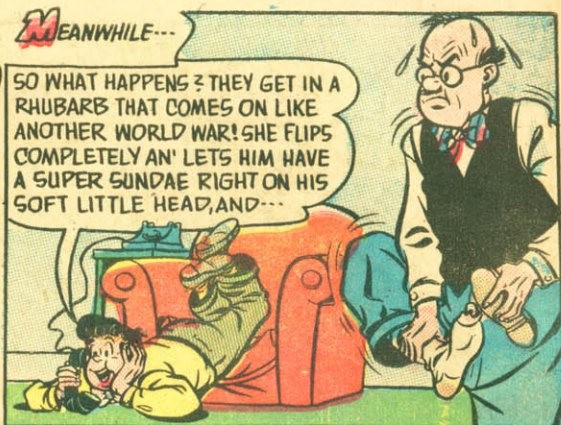
YA WANNA HEAR ABOUT IT NOW?  
WELL, THIS DOUBLE BUBBLE COMES  
IN WITH THIS NERD, SEE? THE CHICK'S  
A DOLLY, BUT THE ODD BALL IS  
CRAZY! HE'S COMPLAININ' ABOUT  
HER BUSTIN' HIS SHAFTY DETROIT  
IRON, AND SHE'S LASHIN' HIM WITH  
A WET NOODLE!

HOLY  
SMOKE,  
THE'RE  
STILL  
ON!

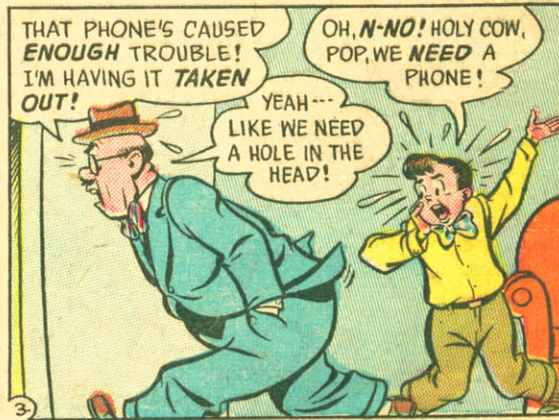
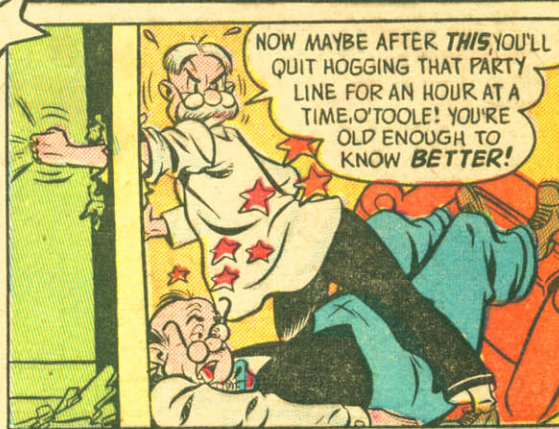
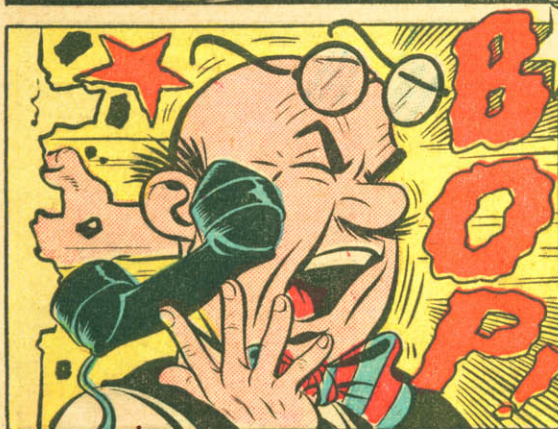
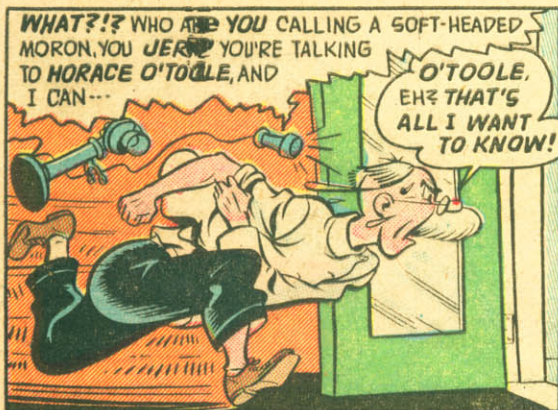
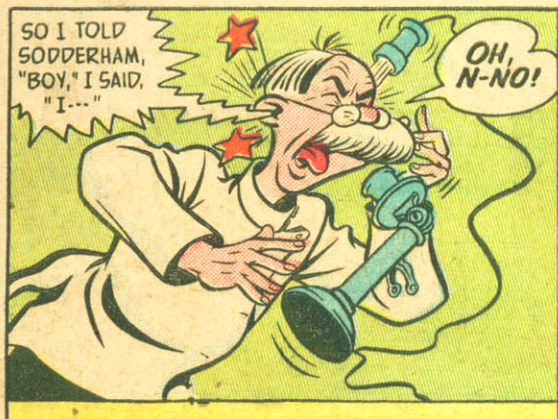
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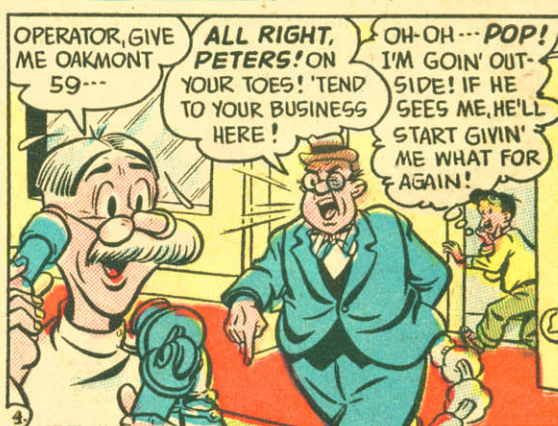
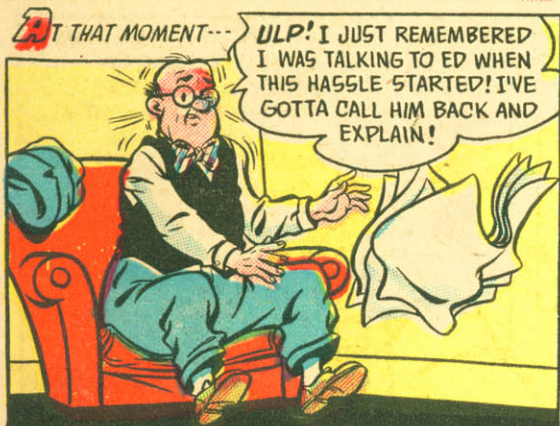
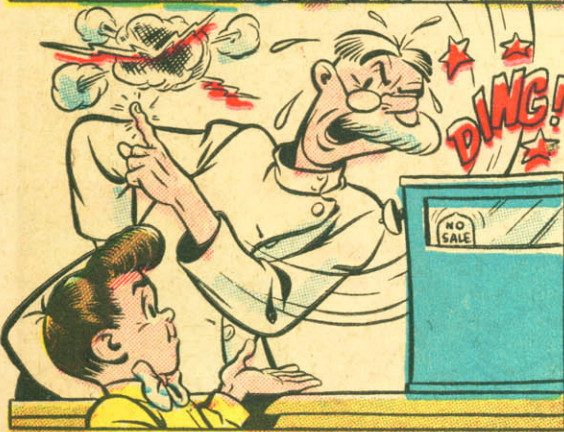
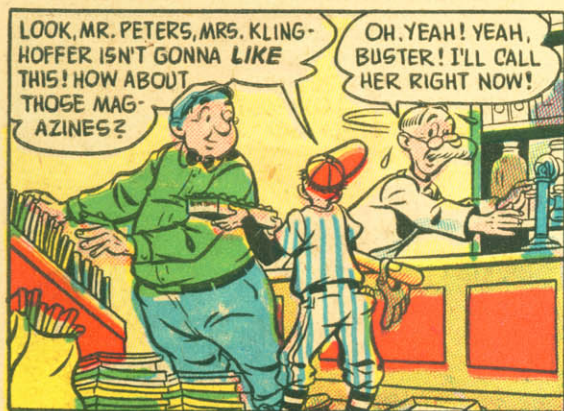




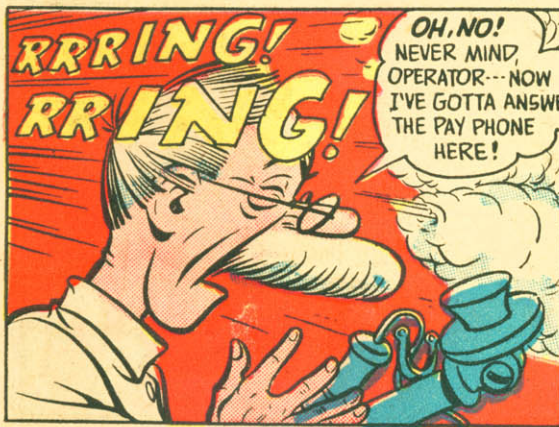
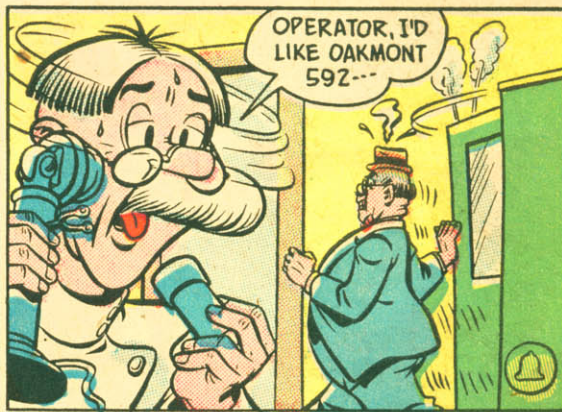
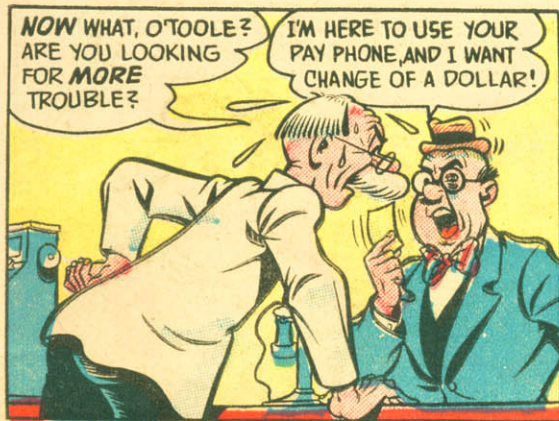




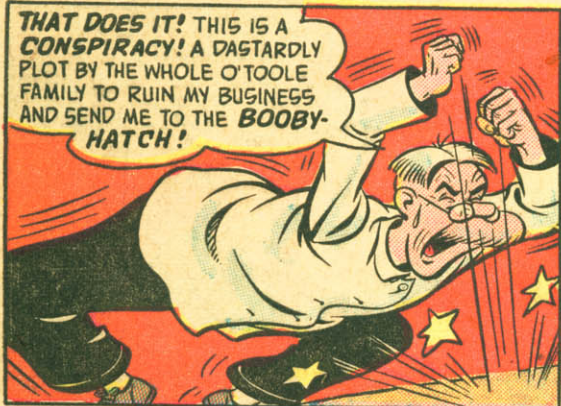
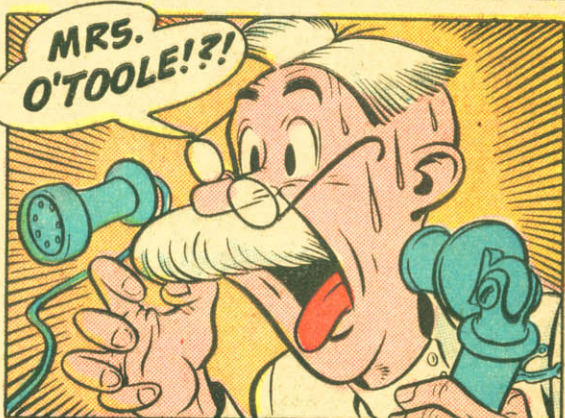
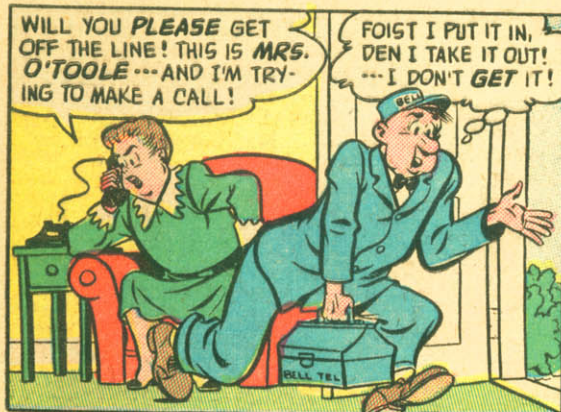
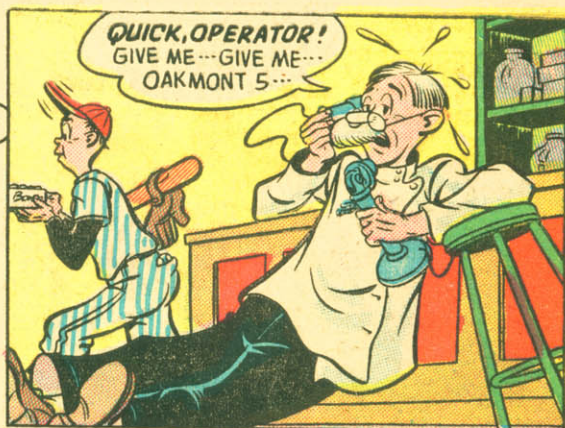




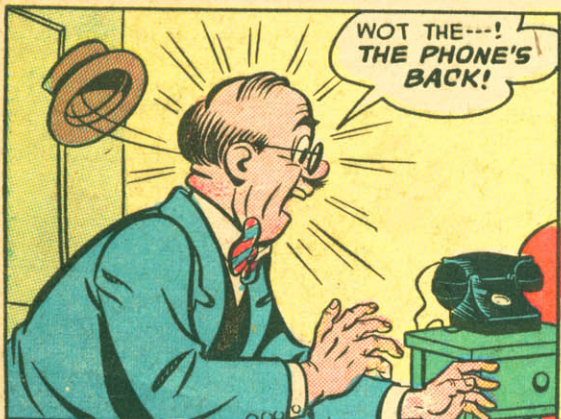








**NOW BACK TO THE O'TOOLE RESIDENCE---**





**MINUTES LATER...**

20 YEARS WIT' DA COMPANY, AN' I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE **DIS!**

**GOOD HEAVENS...** THE PHONE'S GONE AGAIN! POP O'TOOLE, DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS?



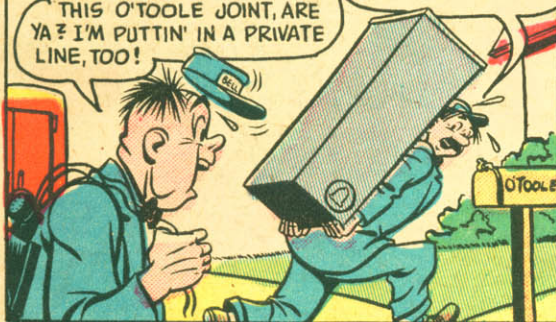
**GULP!** MOM'S RIGHT, BUT... **WAIT! I'VE GOT IT!** I'LL HAVE A **PAY PHONE** PUT IN HERE! THAT'LL KEEP COOKIE FROM USING THE PHONE ALL THE TIME!



**LATER...**

HEY, WHAT GIVES, SPIKE? YOU'RE NOT PUTTIN' A **BOOTH** IN THIS O'TOOLE JOINT, ARE YA? I'M PUTTIN' IN A PRIVATE LINE, TOO!

ALL I KNOW IS THE OFFICE TOLD ME TO INSTALL IT!



**AND SO...**

THAT'S RIGHT, MILDRED... IT'S A NEW PHONE THAT **MR. PETERS** HAD PUT IN FOR US!

HEY, JIT! THANK THE GANG FOR MY NEW PHONE... IT'S **GREAT!**

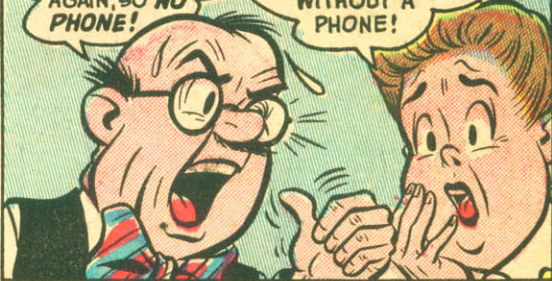
EVERYBODY'S GOT A PHONE OF THEIR OWN EXCEPT ME! I HAVE TO USE THE **PAY PHONE!**



**SO...**

...AND THAT'S THE STORY! I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES ON GETTING **SLUGGED** AGAIN, SO **NO PHONE!**

WELL, YOU'RE THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE, POP, BUT IN **THIS DAY AND AGE**, IT'S GOING TO BE PRETTY HARD TO GET ALONG WITHOUT A PHONE!



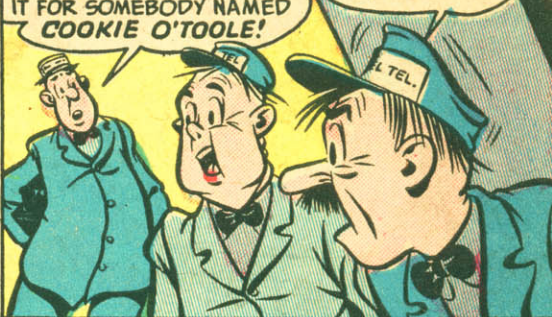
**AND AT THE SAME MOMENT... AT THE DRUG STORE...**

I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL PAY FOR A **PRIVATE PHONE** TO BE PUT IN THE O'TOOLE HOUSE! IT'LL **COST ME**, BUT THAT'S BETTER THAN LETTING THEM RUIN MY BUSINESS!



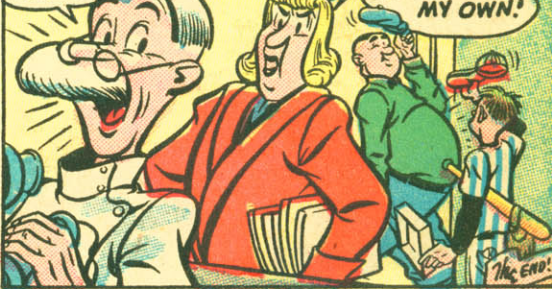
HUH? I'M PUTTIN' IN A PRIVATE LINE HERE TOO! A BUNCH A KIDS ORDERED IT FOR SOMEBODY NAMED **COOKIE O'TOOLE!**

**THREE PHONES?** THIS FAMILY'S **SQUIRRELY!**

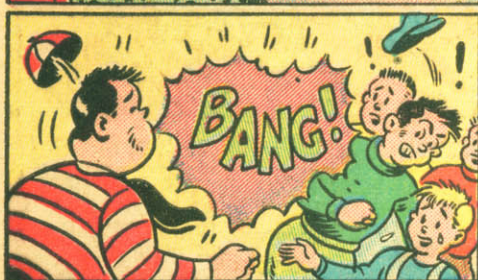
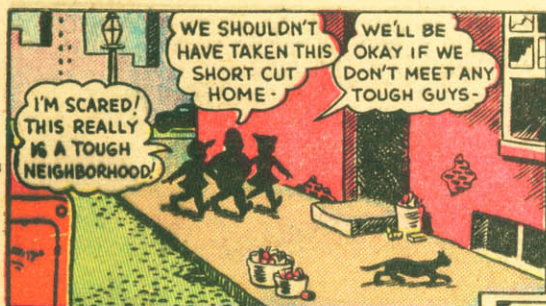


**NOW AT LAST** I CAN CALL MRS. KLINGHOFFER AND FIND OUT WHAT MAGAZINES SHE WANTS!

THAT WON'T BE **NECESSARY**, MR. PETERS! I CAME DOWN AND **PICKED OUT MY OWN!**







For recommended reading...



# AMERICAN COMICS GROUP!



They're the terrific ten...  
THE GREATEST GROUP  
of HEADLINE HITS IN HISTORY!



READ THEM ALL  
...REGULARLY...  
Read **AMERICAN!**

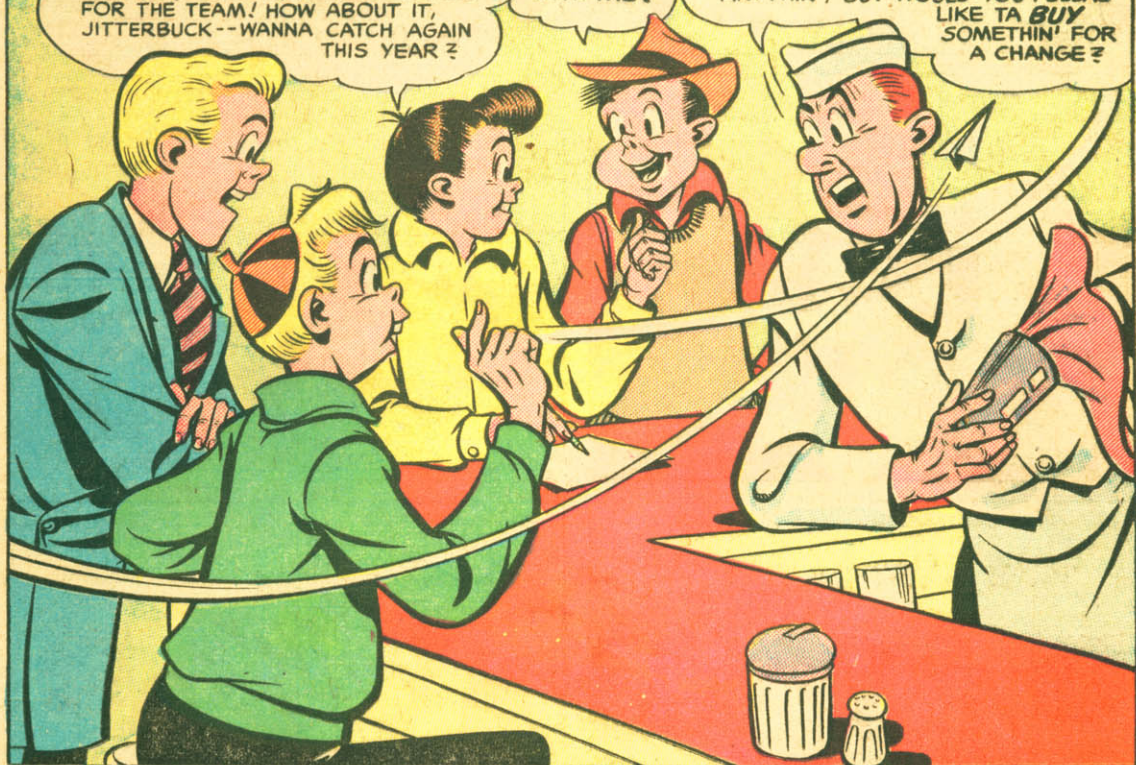


# COOKIE

GOOD OL' BASEBALL SEASON AGAIN! LET'S MAKE OUT A LINEUP FOR THE TEAM! HOW ABOUT IT, JITTERBUCK--WANNA CATCH AGAIN THIS YEAR?

OKAY WITH ME!

I DON'T WANNA INTERRUPT ANYTHIN', BUT WOULD YOU FELLAS LIKE TA **BUY** SOMETHIN' FOR A CHANGE?

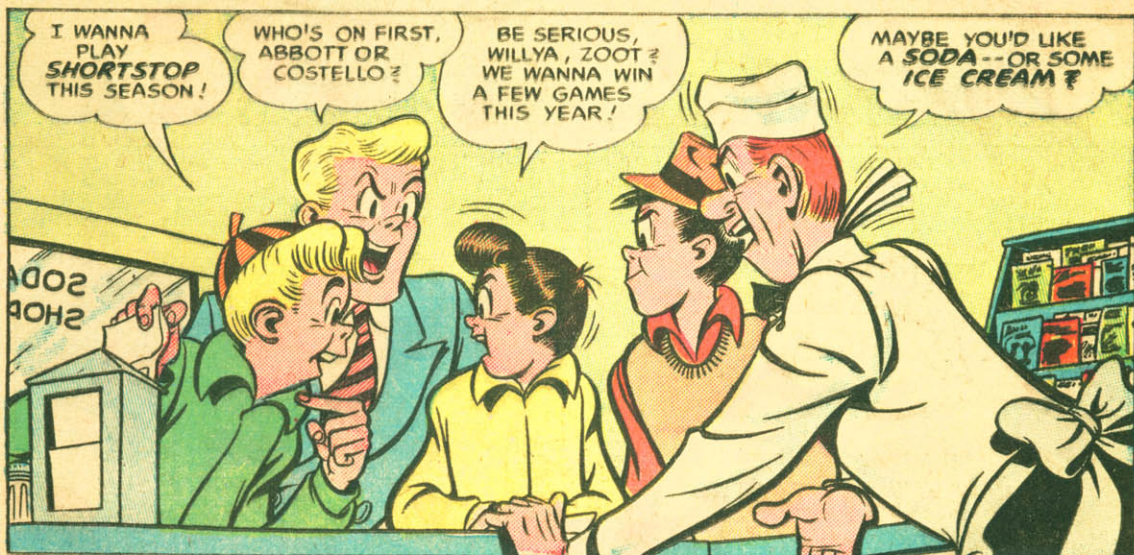


I WANNA PLAY **SHORTSTOP** THIS SEASON!

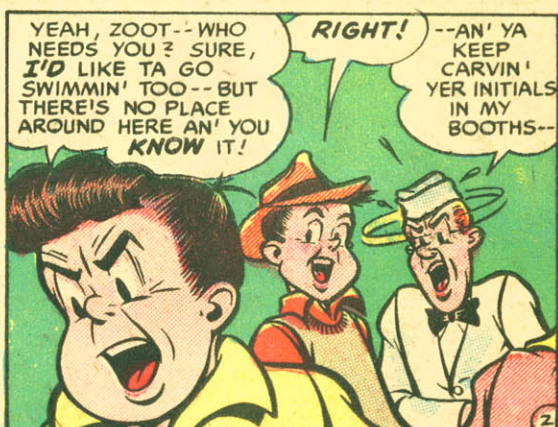
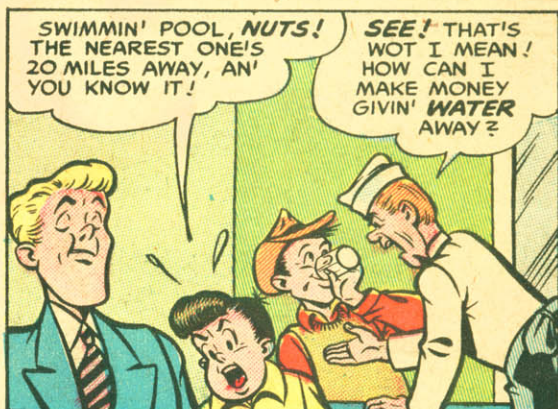
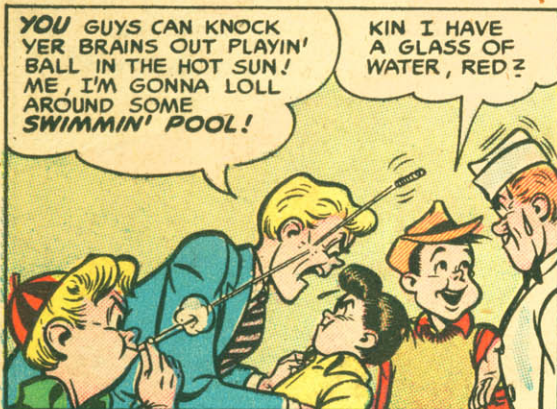
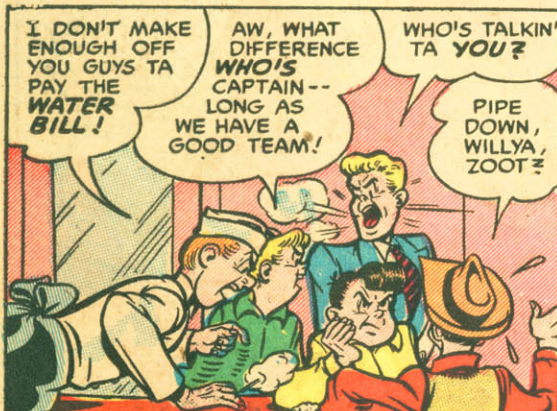
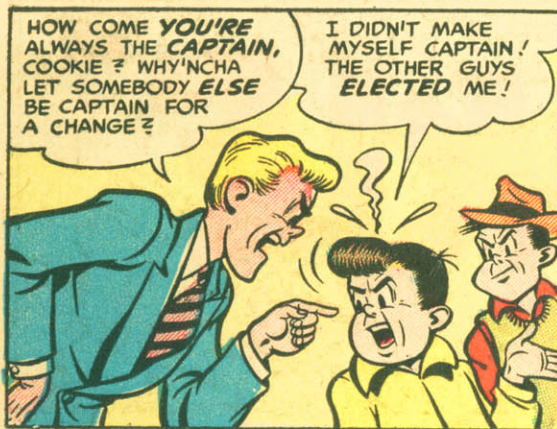
WHO'S ON FIRST, ABBOTT OR COSTELLO?

BE SERIOUS, WILLYA, ZOOT? WE WANNA WIN A FEW GAMES THIS YEAR!

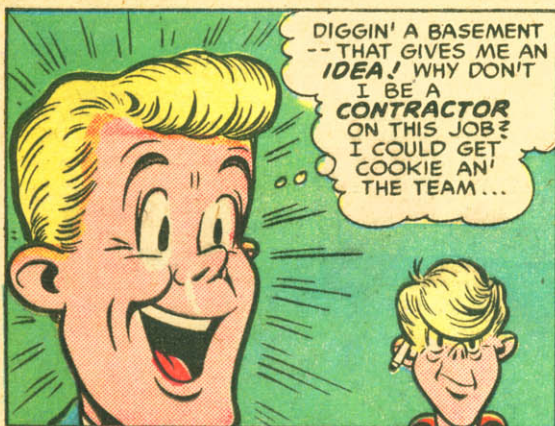
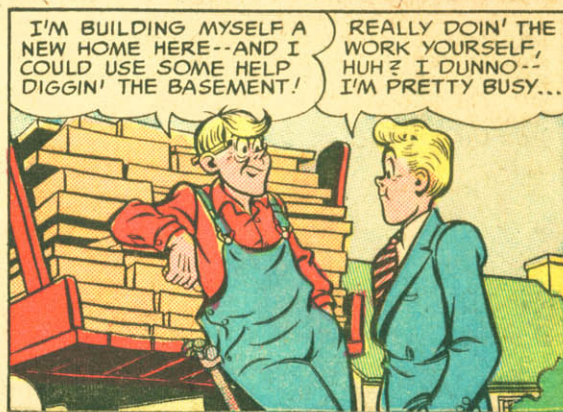
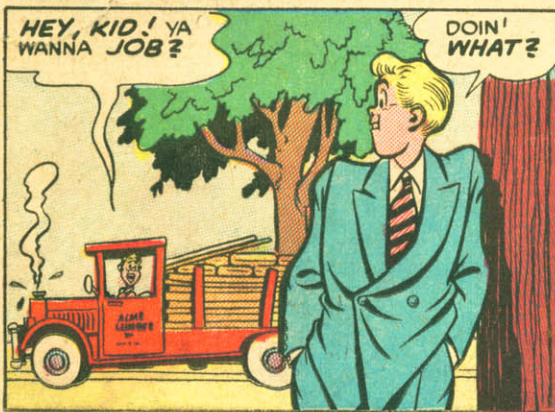
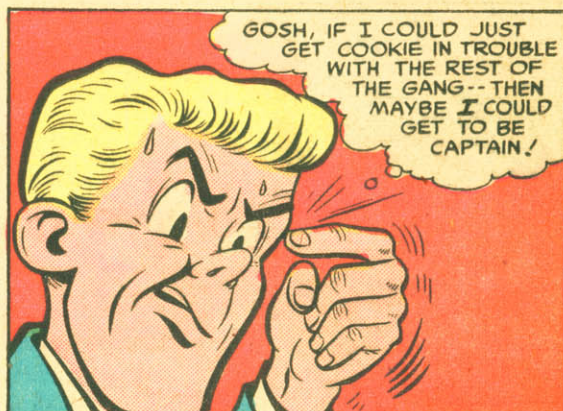
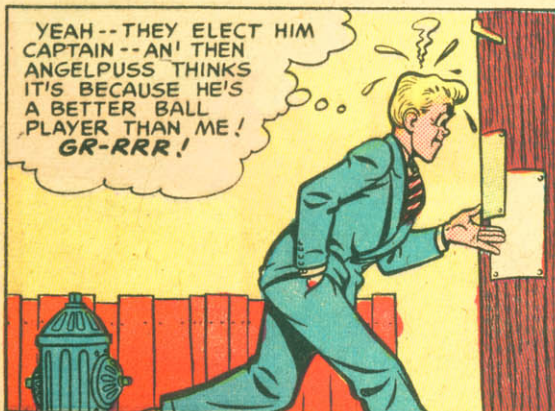
MAYBE YOU'D LIKE A **SODA**--OR SOME **ICE CREAM**?



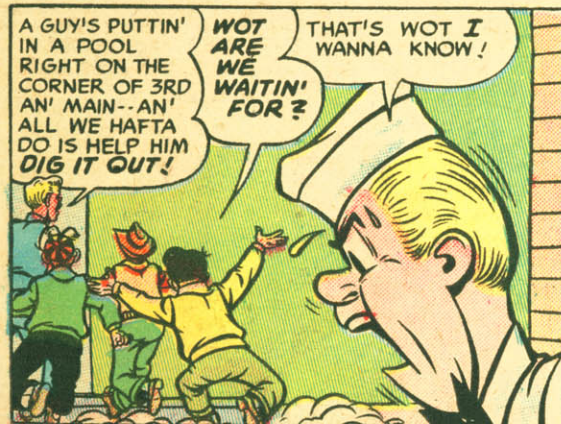
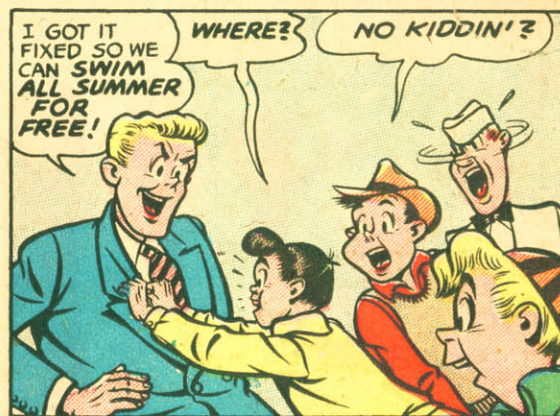
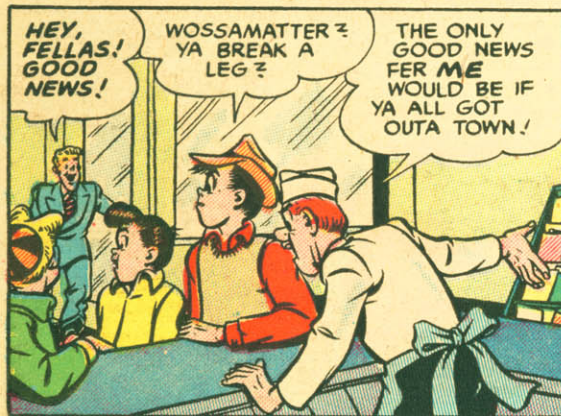
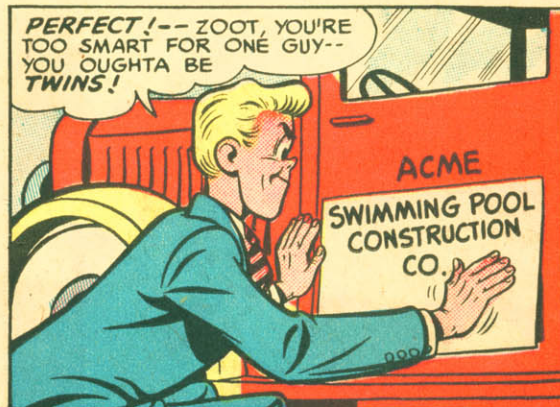
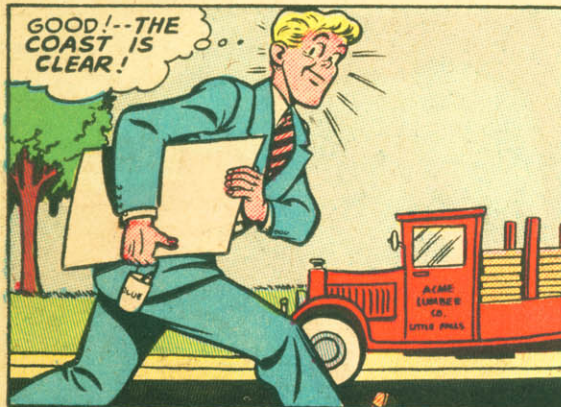
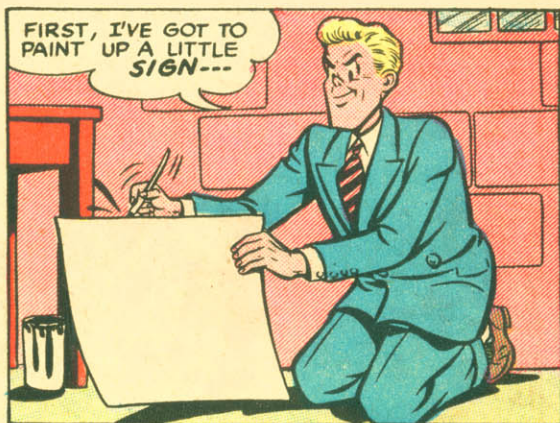
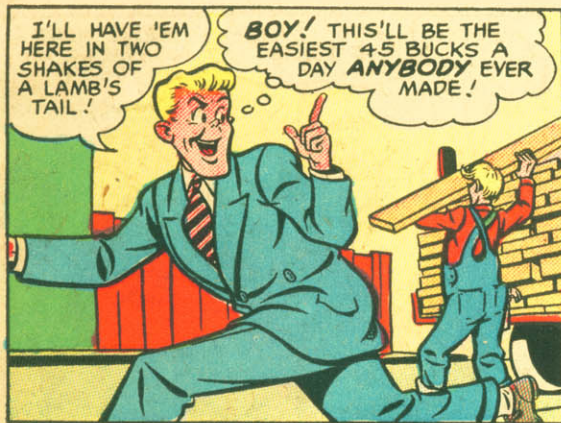




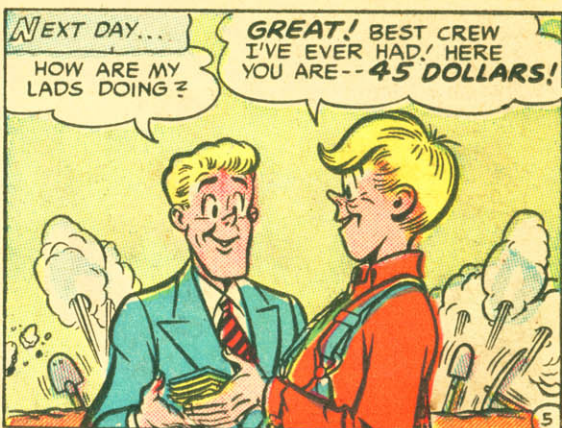
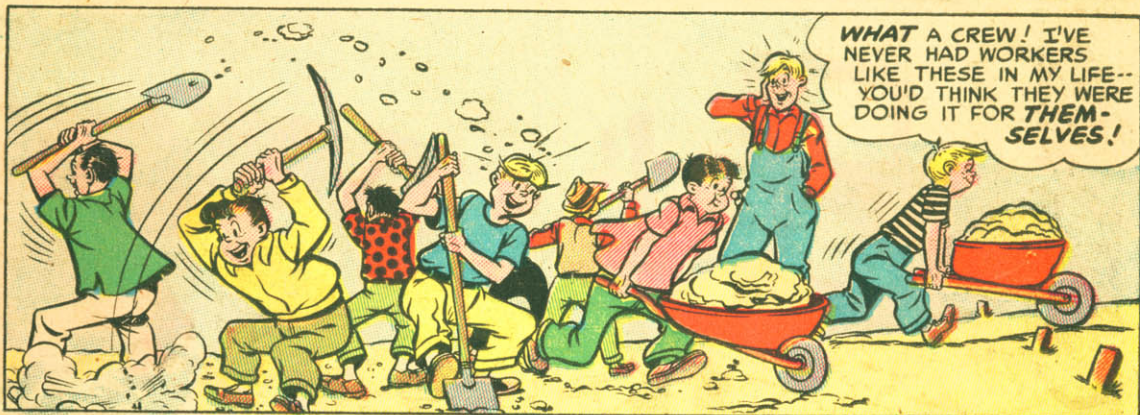
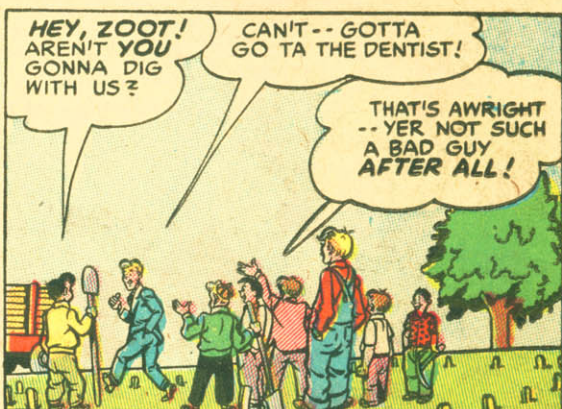
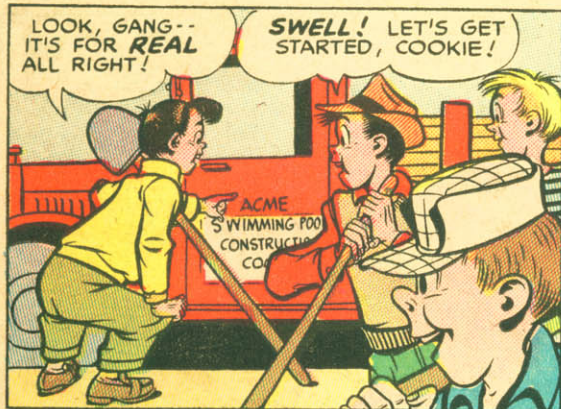




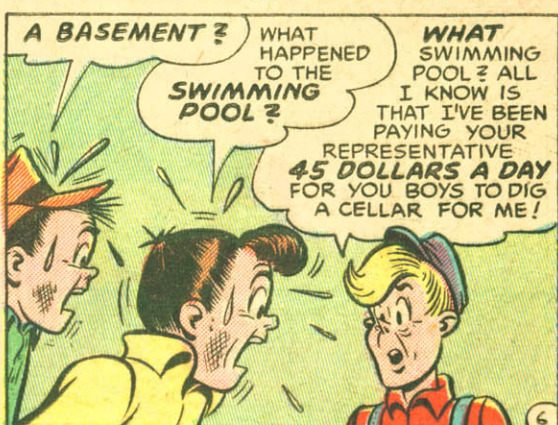
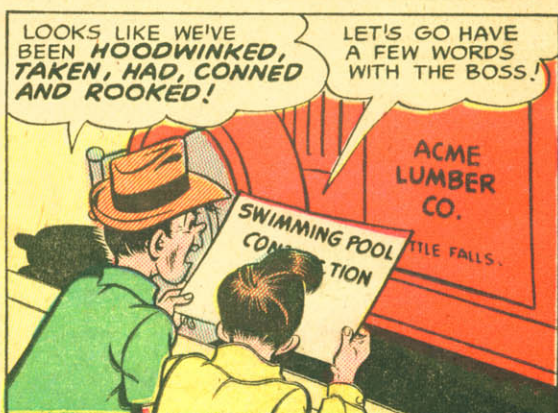
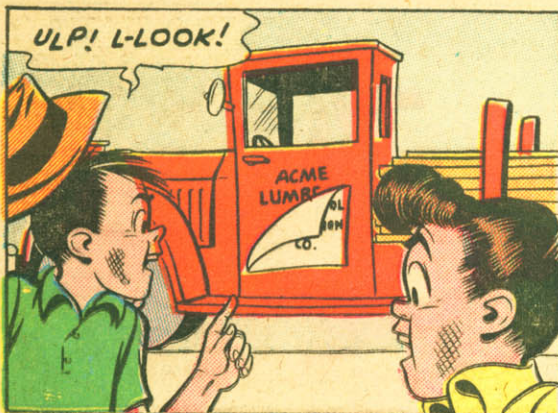
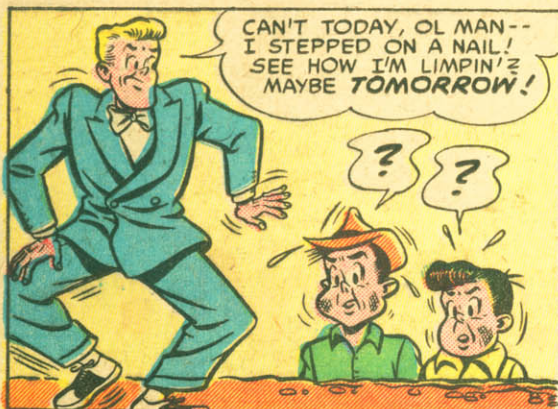
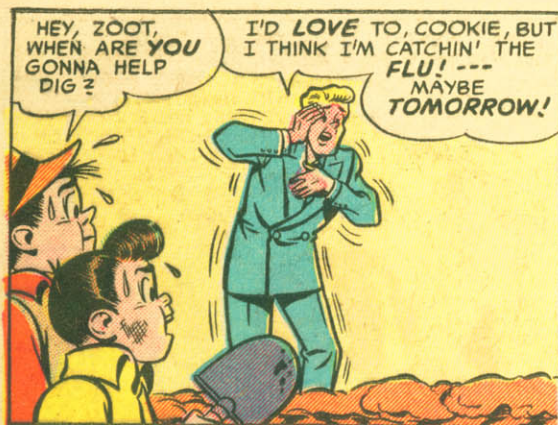




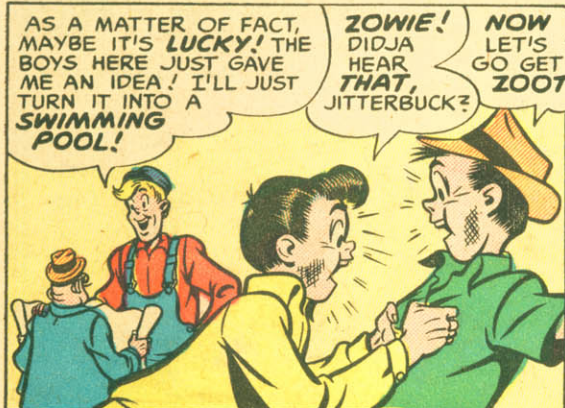
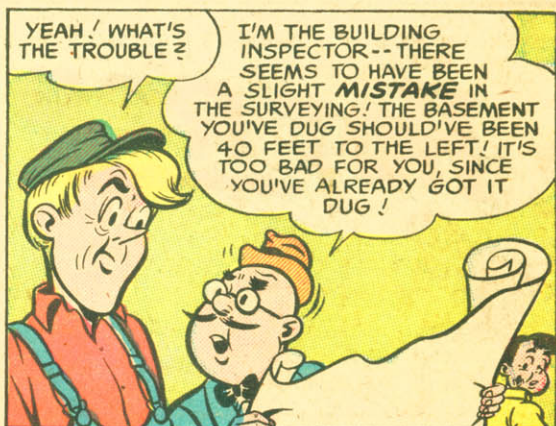




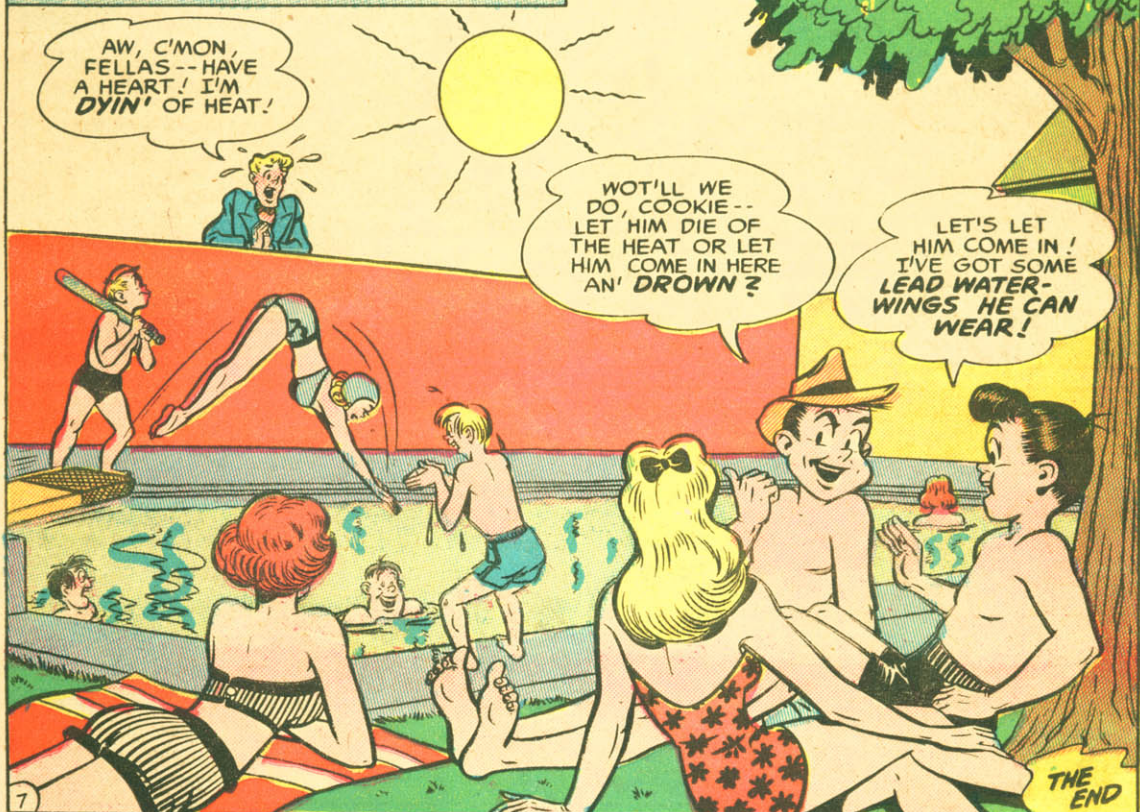








AND THAT WASN'T ALL, BECAUSE--LATER...





# HOT ROD

# HOT SHOT!

"WOULDN'T YOU JUST know it!"

Deedee thought impatiently. "Harold Phelps...that old bookworm!"

She gazed coldly at Harold, wishing he would take the hint and go away. But Harold, completely unaware of Deedee's inner thoughts, seemed to concentrate only on the road ahead and the manner in which Roy Hagen was driving his hot rod.

The way it had all come about was this. Harold had called Deedee earlier that evening and asked if he could come over to her house with some new records he'd just bought. And truth to tell, Deedee had thought it a simply lovely idea...until Roy, tooting and honking that wild horn of his, had screeched to a fabulous stop in front of her house and asked her if she'd like to go driving in The Comet.

What could Deedee do? She wished Harold a million miles away, but wishing did not make it so. And there she was, sitting next to Roy in the hot rod...and there was Harold, sitting next to her!

"Roy's so...so...dashing!" she thought, comparing the two boys, much to poor Harold's disadvantage. "The way he owns this souped-up car and all! And drives it like mad!"

The more she thought about it, the more contemptuous she was of Harold, who was a nice boy and all that, but really! Hardly anyone's idea of a heart-throb!

Out on a country road, Roy smiled and said, "Now I'm going to show you what this jalop can do without interference! Wow!"

The jalop leaped forward with a mighty surge as Deedee squealed, half in delight, half in terror. Harold, remaining calm, said quietly, "There's

a funny knock in the jalop, Roy! Don't you think you ought to check into it?"

Roy snorted. "You stick-in-the-mud!" he laughed. "Always careful, aren't you? Never take any little old chances, do you?" Somehow, the way he said it, made Harold appear duller than ever to Deedee.

"Golly, Harold," she said, "if you're afraid..."

Blam! As the explosive sound filled the air, the hot rod shuddered to a stop, narrowly avoiding a brick wall. Deedee, turning pale, felt a little dizzy. "We...we might have been killed!" she gasped.

Roy, tinkering with the engine, was baffled. "Don't see a thing wrong," he said, mustering an air of bravado and nonchalance.

"Let me look." Quietly, Harold Phelps took over, sending a flashlight's shaft over the complicated interior of the souped-up engine. "There's your trouble spot!" he said. "Got a wrench?"

Deedee said nothing as she looked from one boy to the other. Funny...Roy didn't seem so smart and dashing as he waited for Harold to fix the car. It was Harold who looked...well...in command!

"She'll do now," Harold said. "How about driving home, Roy? And abiding by the speed limit?"

"Don't tell me you're scared!" Roy taunted. Then, before the level gazes of Harold and Deedee, he drove home...within the speed limit! Deedee sat as close to Harold as she could and as far away from Roy.

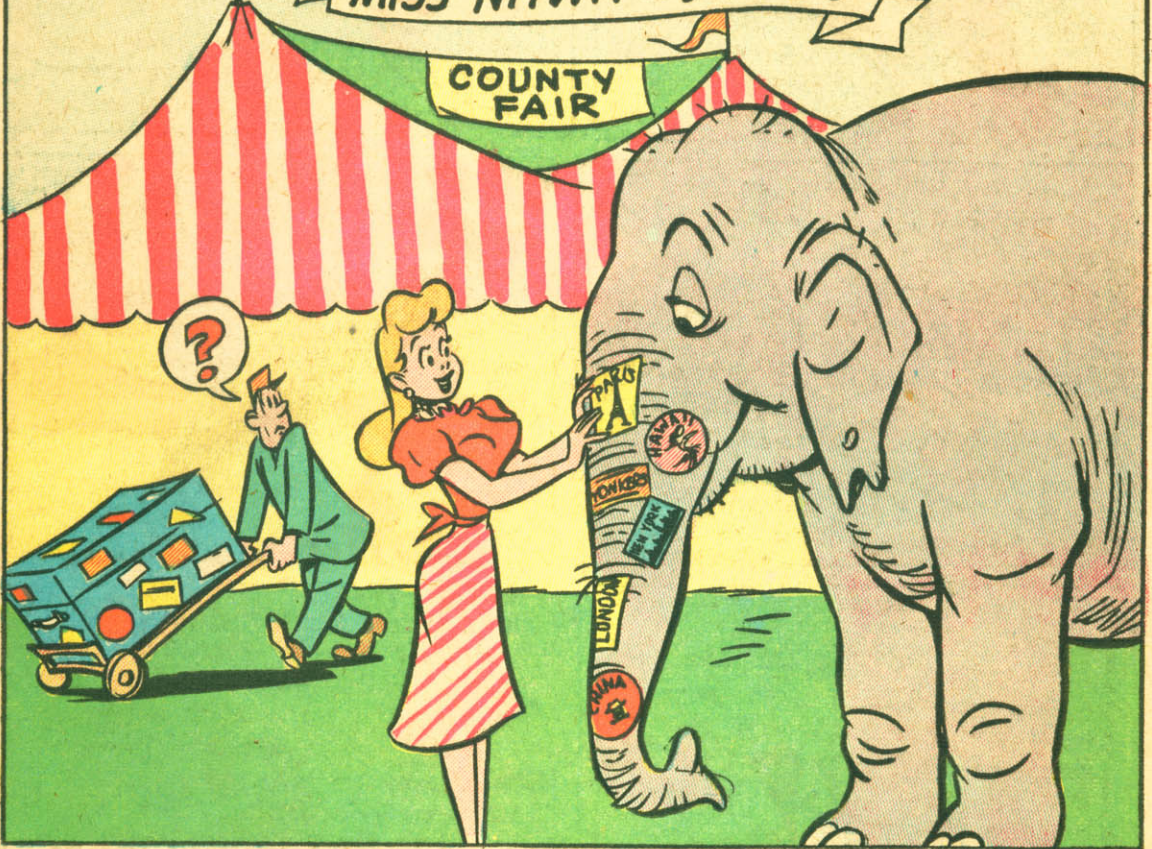
"Harold Phelps," she thought warmly, "is my kind of boy! He doesn't act like a hero...but I'll bet he could be one!"



# MORONICA

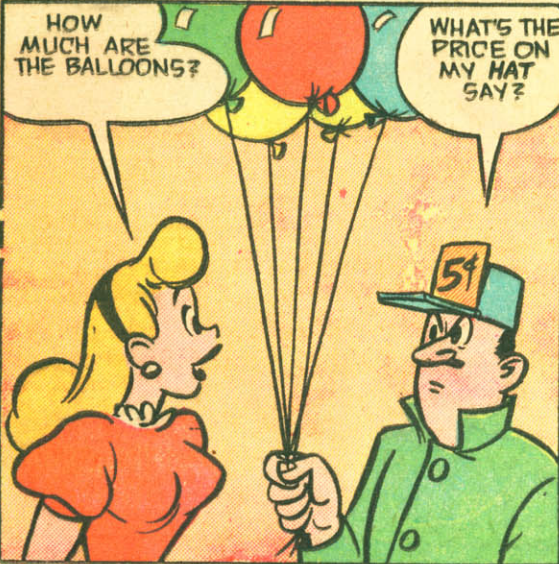
MISS NITWIT of 1953

COUNTY FAIR



HOW MUCH ARE THE BALLOONS?

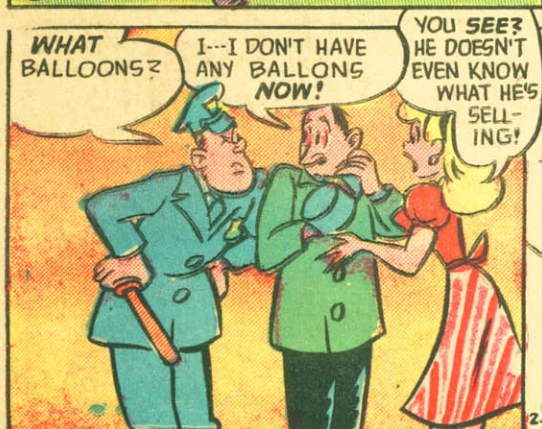
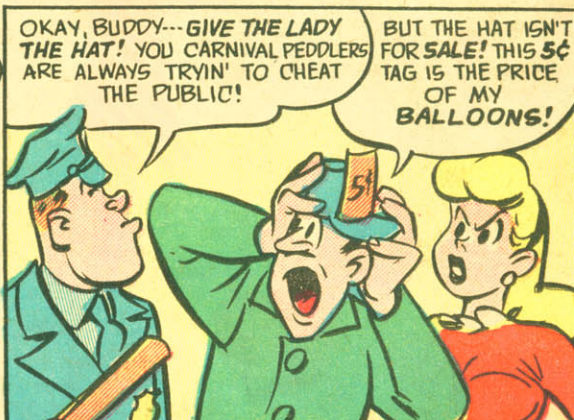
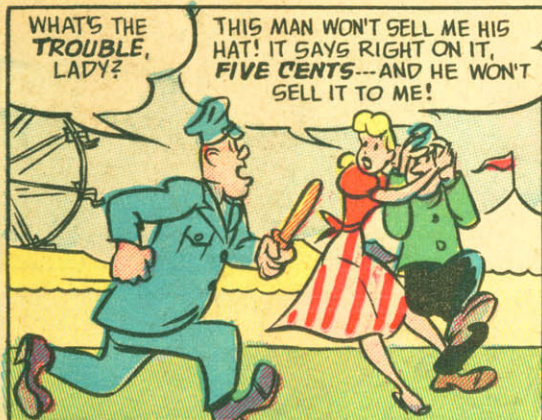
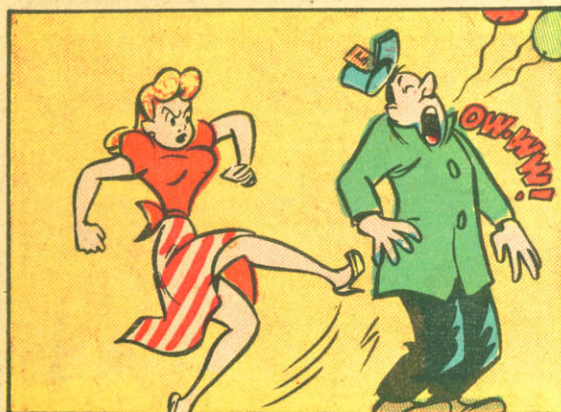
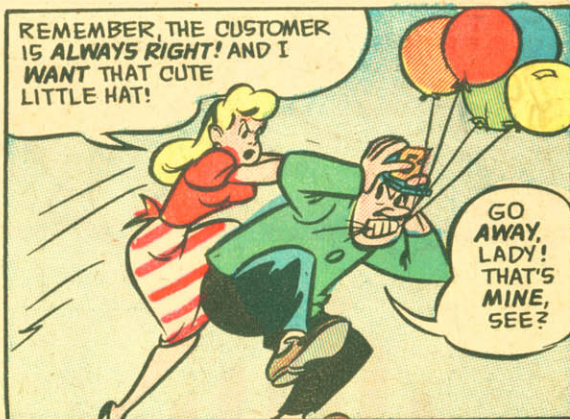
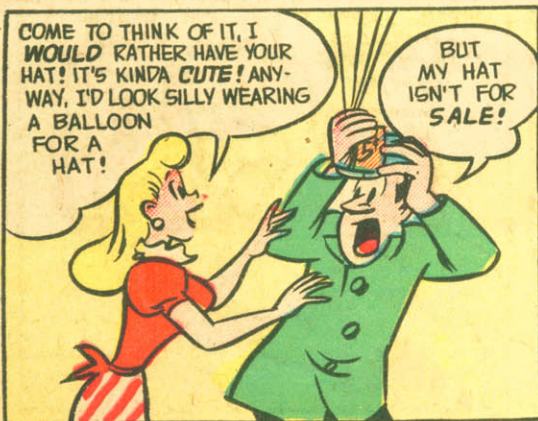
WHAT'S THE PRICE ON MY HAT SAY?



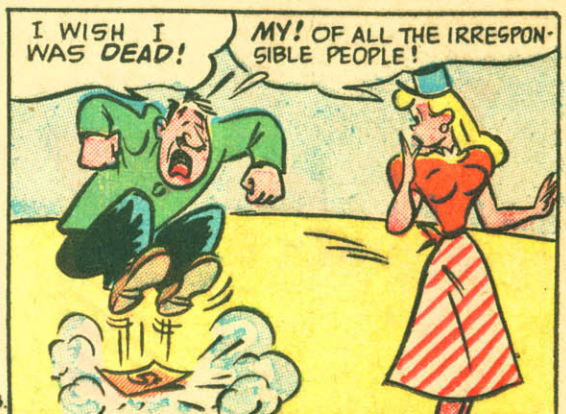
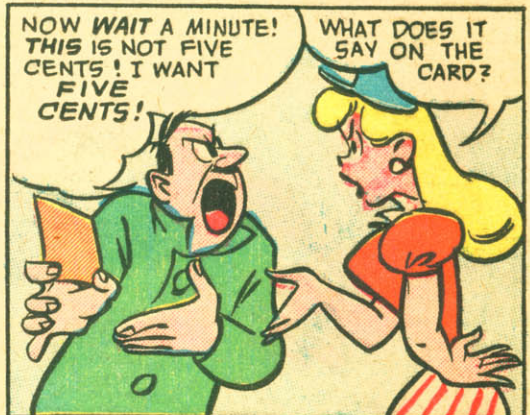
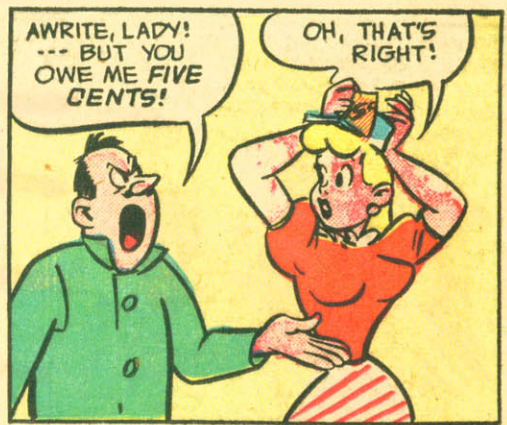
I DON'T WANT YOUR HAT! I WANT A BALLOON!



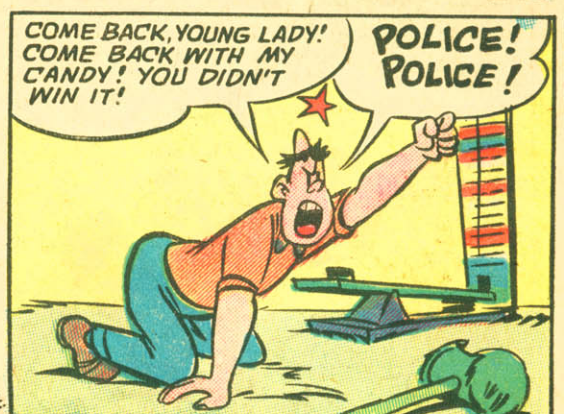
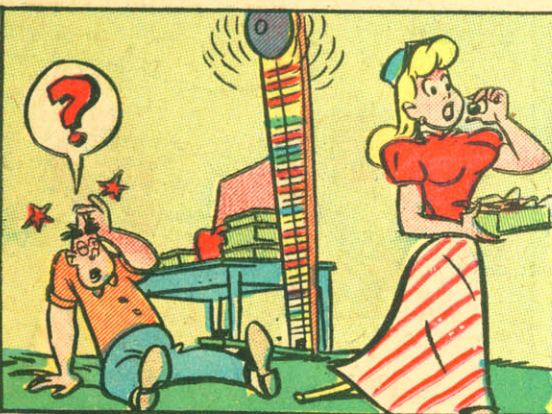
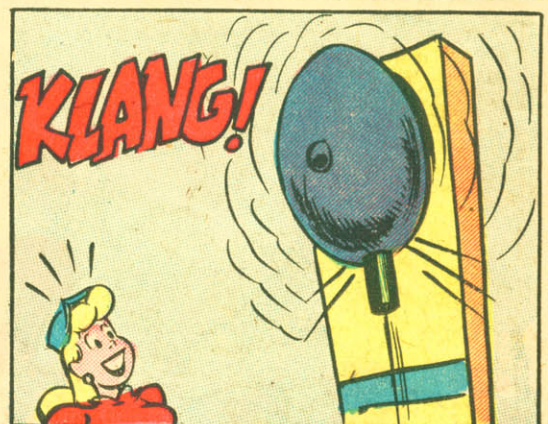
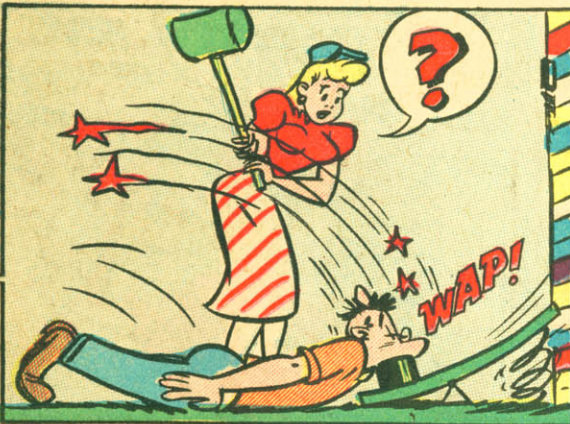
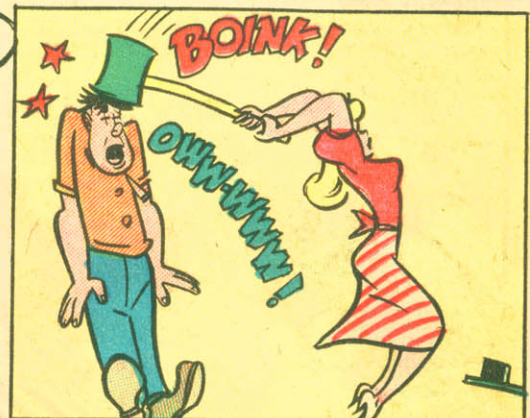
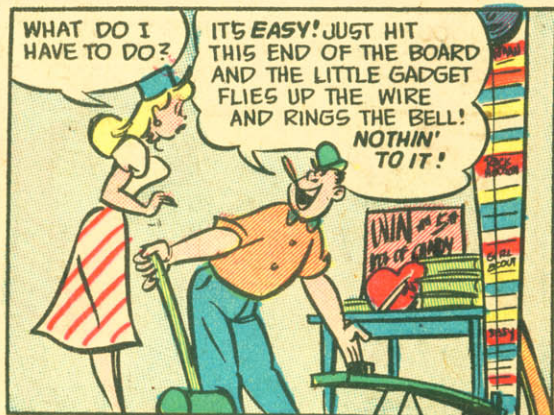
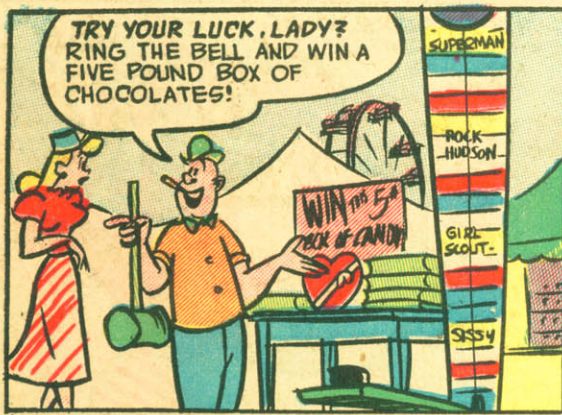




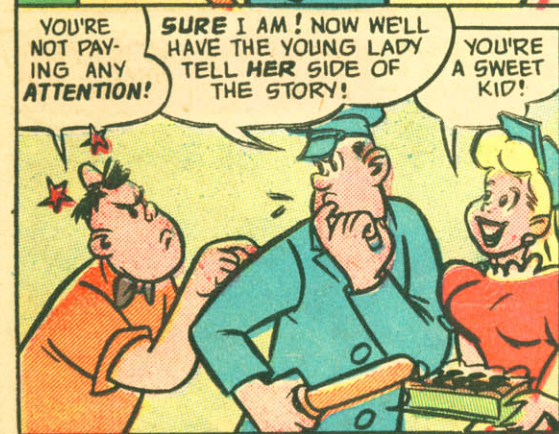
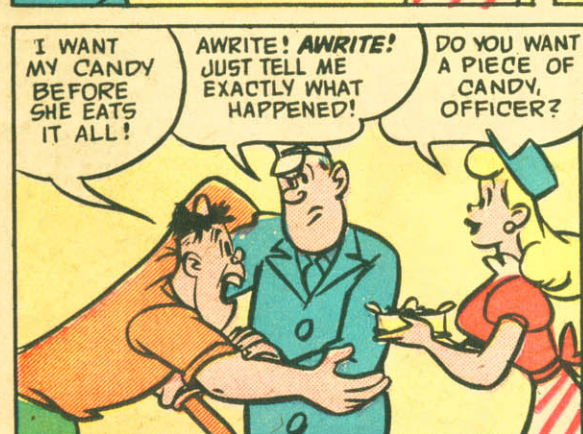
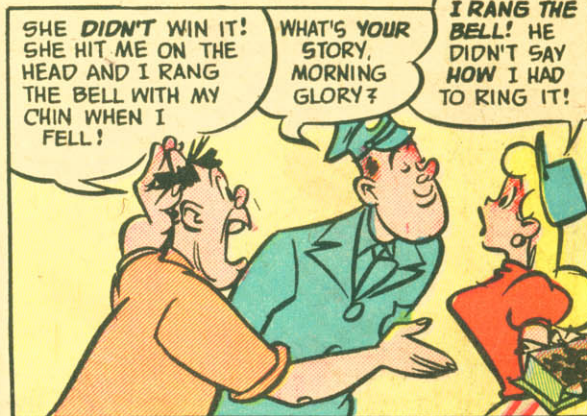
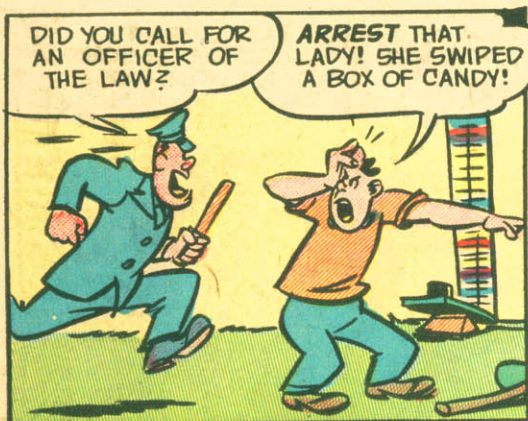




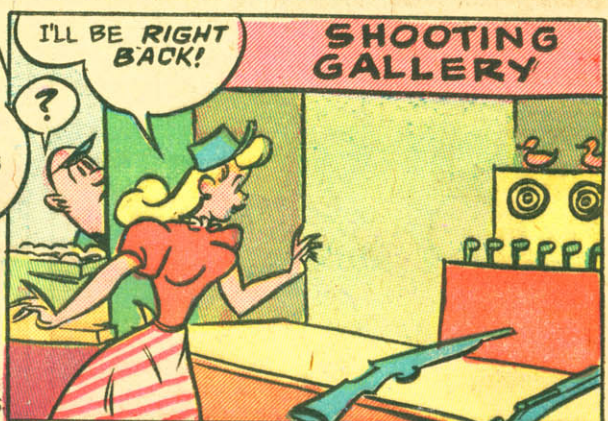
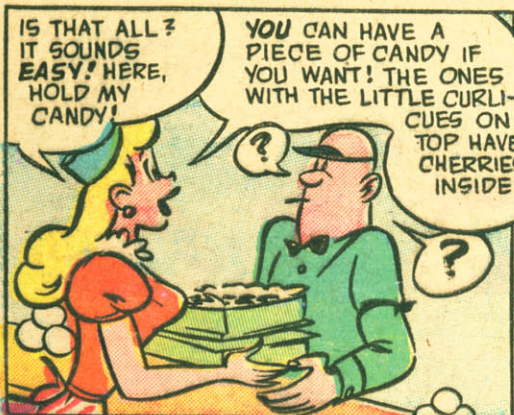
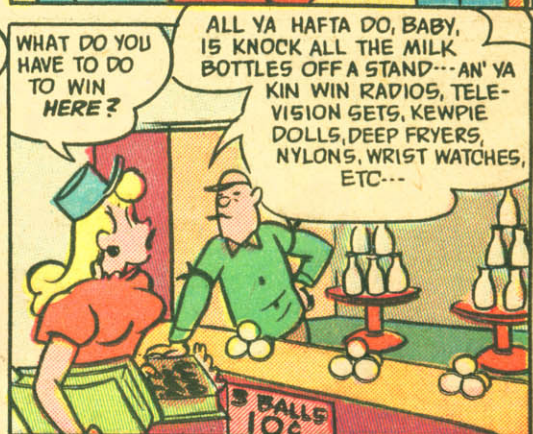
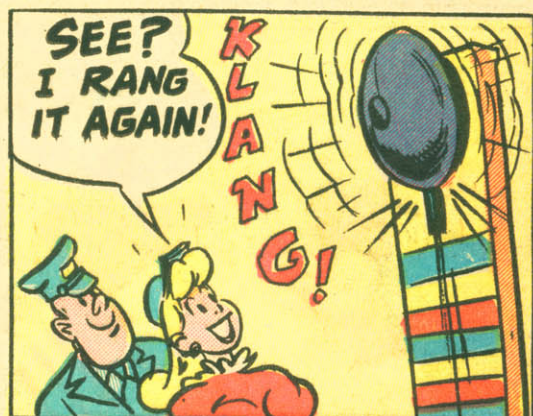
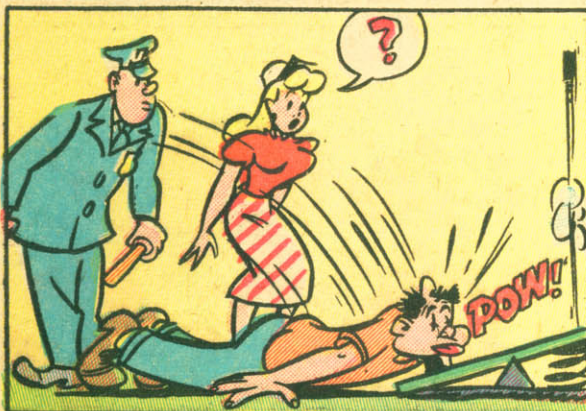
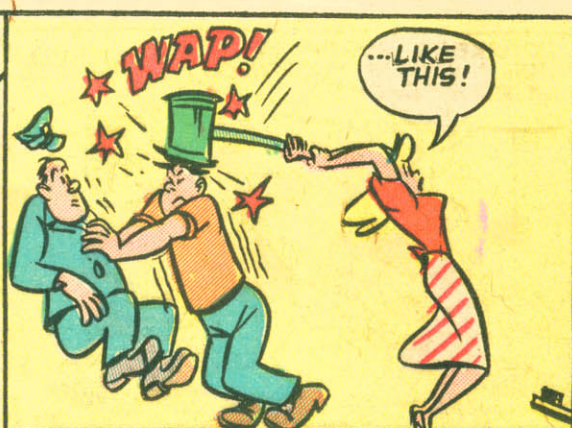




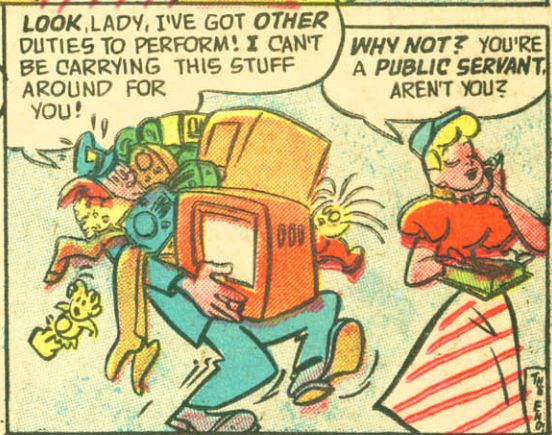
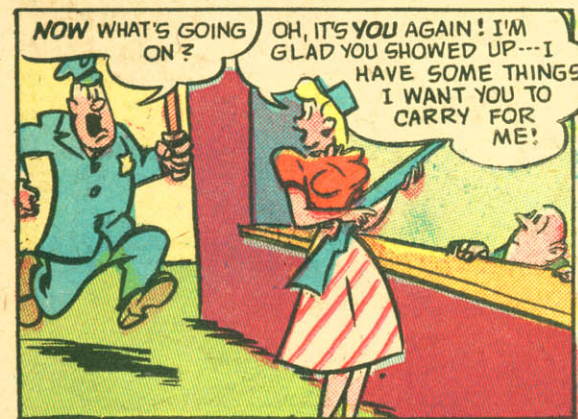
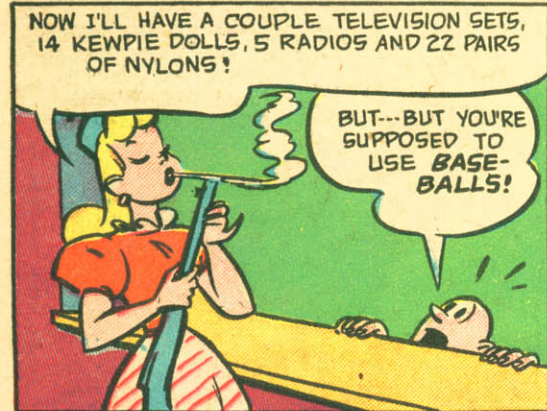
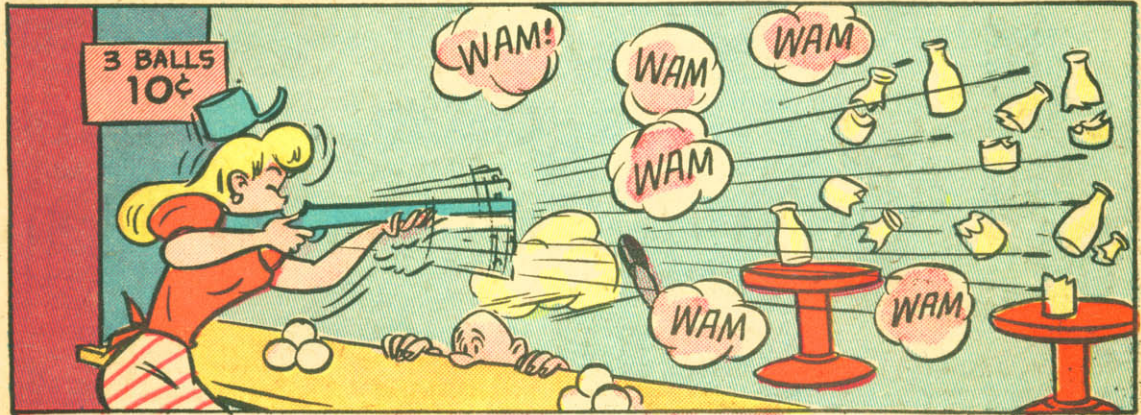
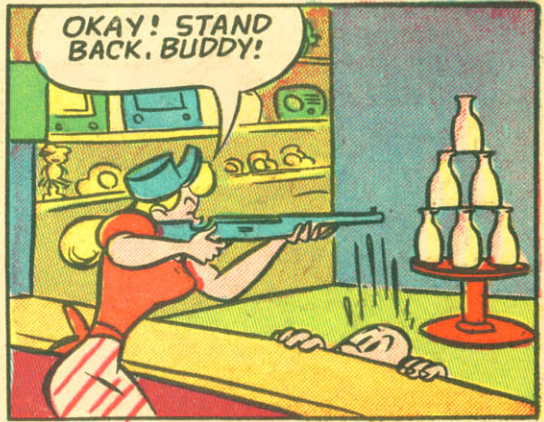














# The **PAYOFF**

AS THE GIRLS left the apartment hotel where they shared a small three-room flat, Hildegard's curls danced and bounced in the sunshine as Hildegard herself seemed to dance along the pavement. Lois moved sedately, with dignity, and looked disapprovingly at her friend and roommate.

"Hello, Mr. Rafferty," Hildegard called to the policeman on the corner. "Good morning, Mrs. Lane!" she greeted the lady who owned the small grocery shop down the street. "Hi, Timmy," she waved to the man who called for the laundry once a week.

"Really, Hildegard, how many times must I tell you to stop acting this way!" Lois was indignant with Hildegard and therefore did not call her "Hilly". "The way you go on with everybody who's nobody at all! How do you expect to get anywhere if you don't pick and choose your friends with discrimination and taste, the way I do!"

"But I like everybody!" Hilly protested, her blue eyes wide.

"That's the trouble," snapped Lois. "Mark my words, if you go on being chummy with every Tom, Dick and Harry, you'll never get into an exclusive set! That's what I hope to do!"

"But..." Hilly started to say something, but Lois cut her short.

"Here comes our bus," she said. "Hurry up, if we're going to make it!"

As the girls raced down the street towards the bus stop, there was a sudden sound, a screeching sound of hastily applied brakes. "Oh!" Hilly said. "The poor man!"

"Come on, Hilly!" Lois urged her, tugging at her sleeve. "You don't want to be late for work, do you?"

"But that taxi almost hit him!"

Hilly said. "Just look at him, all shaky and nervous. I'm going to help him!"

"Come on!" Lois repeated. "If you're late one more time, you'll be fired! Now, don't be silly..."

But Hilly was already on her way to take the old man's arm and lead him to a chair in the grocery store, where he could sit and rest a moment. At least ten busses went by before Hilly had fully convinced herself that the old man had had nothing more than a fright and was perfectly all right.

By the time she got to the office, Hilly was almost an hour late. The boss was in a rage and so was Lois. "Try to keep out of his way," she warned Hilly, "he's on the war-path!"

Too late for warning, for the boss had seen her! "So!" he shouted, waggling his finger under Hilly's pert nose. "Late again! Well, this is the last time, I promise you, because you're fired!"

"There, what did I tell you!" Lois pursed her lips righteously. "I warned you to stop taking up with all the nobodies in town! That's why you're late and that's why...why, Hilly, what on earth are you doing?"

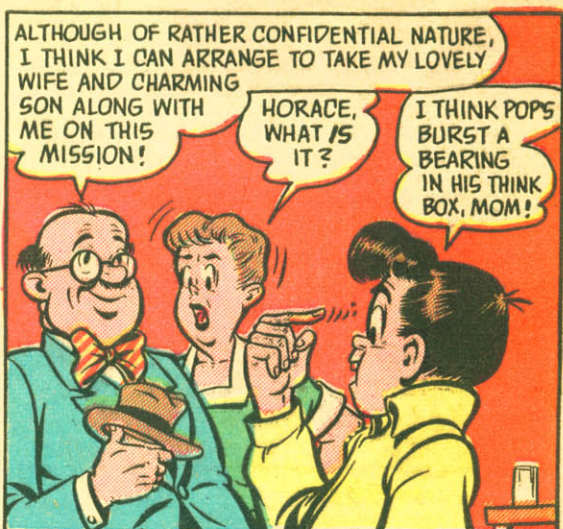
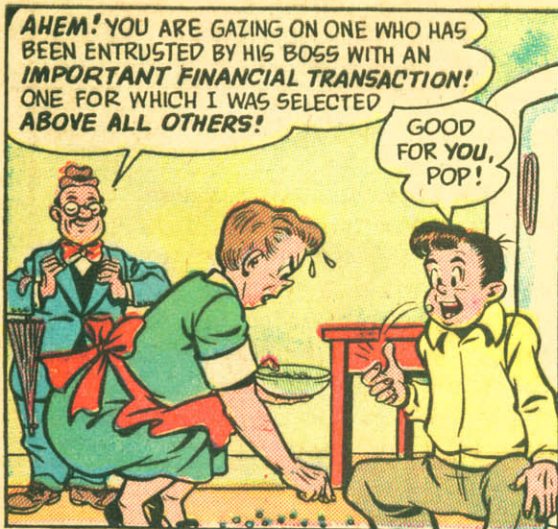
"Calling the latest nobody," Hilly giggled, as she dialled a phone number. "You see, Lois, the old man I helped this morning turned out to be Mr. Bledsoe!"

"The...the...m...millionaire?" Lois gasped and stuttered.

"Mm-hmm. And he said any time I needed a job or a friend to call him!" Hilly spoke into the phone. "This is Hilly," she said brightly. "Yes, Mr. Bledsoe, I'll be right over!"

"And I was telling her how to behave!" Lois moaned. "What a payoff!"

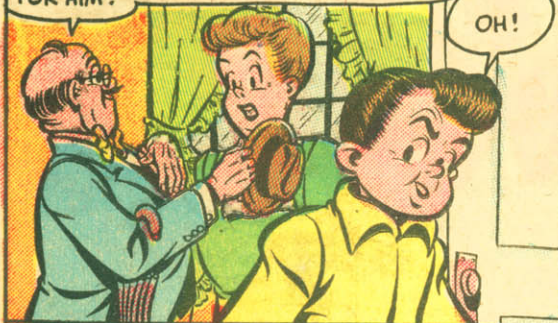






WELL, I WORKED OUT A SCIENTIFIC WAY TO WIN AT THE RACES--AND THE BOSS WANTS ME TO GO OUT TO THE TRACK AND PLACE SOME BETS FOR HIM!

OH!



THE BOSS HAS A BOX AT THE TRACK--AND THERE'S NO REASON WHY YOU AND COOKIE CAN'T GO ALONG WITH ME AND SEE THE RACES!

NOW WHAT WILL I WEAR--?



HOW ABOUT IT, COOKIE? WANT TO COME ALONG?

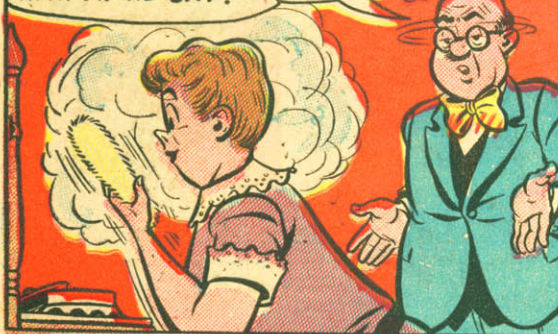
I GOTTA GET THE FRAMMIS WHEEL HOOKED TO THE GISMO GEAR IN THIS LARGE BENJAMIN---



--- THEN I GOTTA HEEL-AN'-TOE IT TO MY EVER-LOVIN' ANGELPUSS'S TO SPIN A COUPLA HUNDRED REAL NERVOUS PLATTERS!

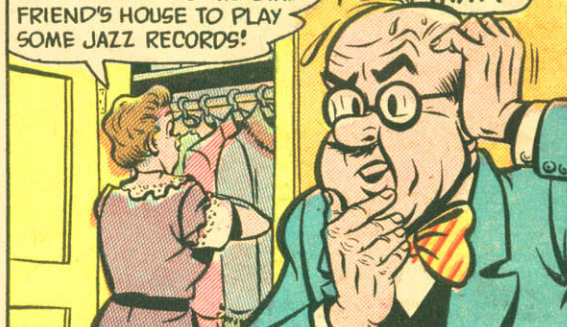


I HEAR THE BOY--HE SAYS WORDS--- WHY CAN'T I UNDERSTAND HIM? WHAT DID HE SAY?



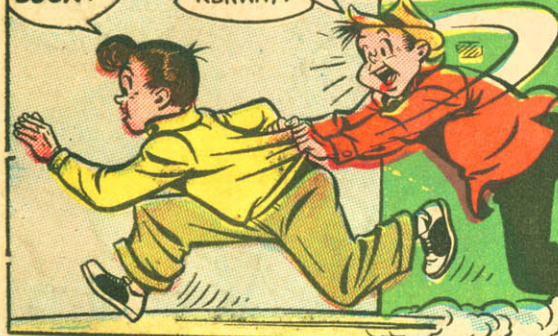
HE SAID HE HAS TO FIX THE BIG BEN CLOCK--AND THEN HE'S WALKING TO HIS GIRL FRIEND'S HOUSE TO PLAY SOME JAZZ RECORDS!

NO KIDDIN'! HE SAID THAT?



HI, JITTER-BUCK!

REVERSE YER PROPS, COOKIE! YER AT THE END OF THE RUNWAY!

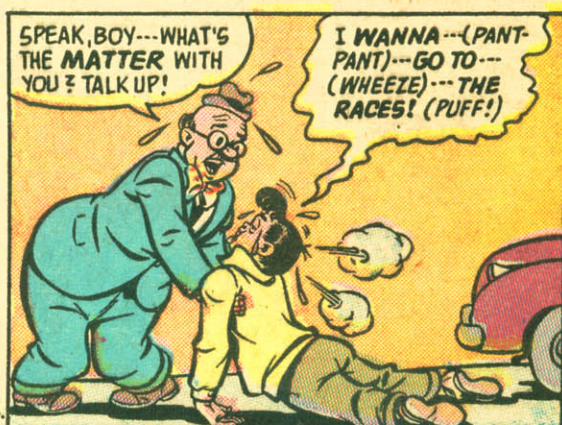
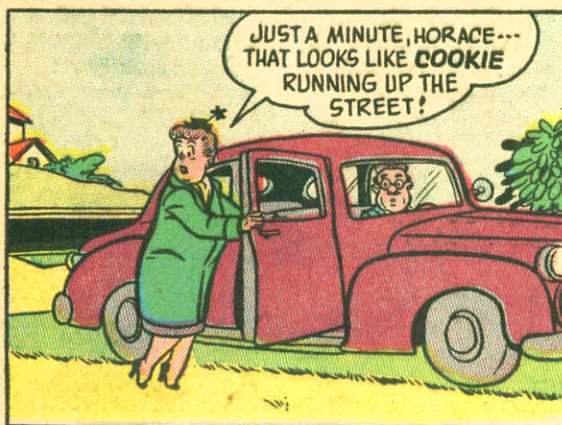
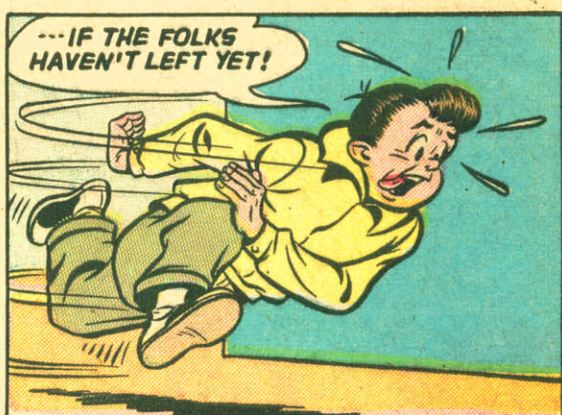
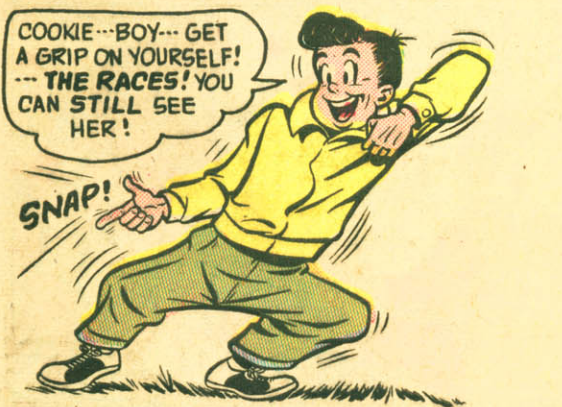
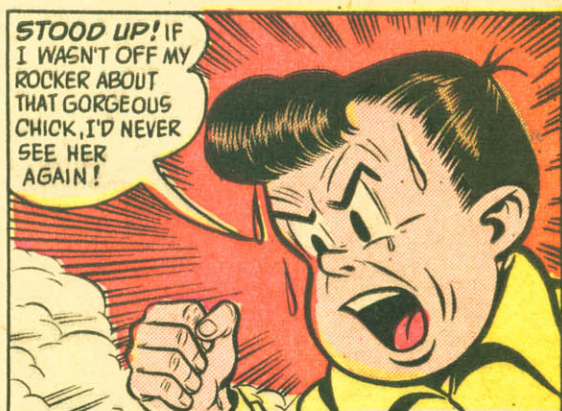
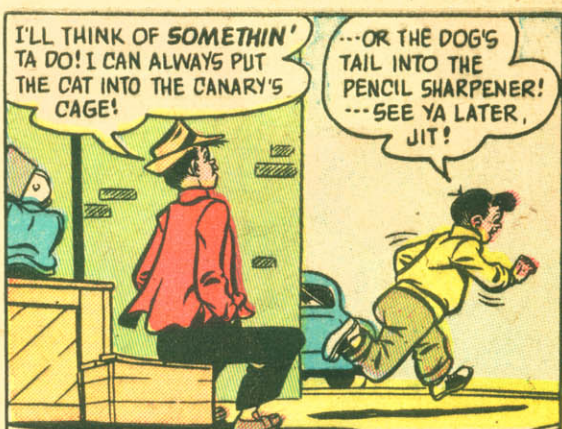
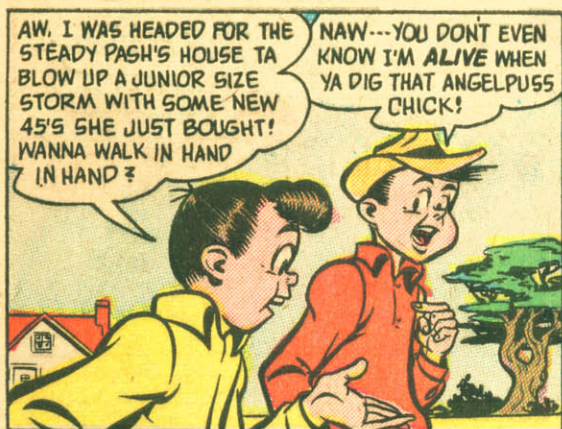


THE FOLKS WANTED ME TO GO TO THE RACES WITH THEM--BUT THAT CAME ON LIKE AN ARSENIC SANDWICH!

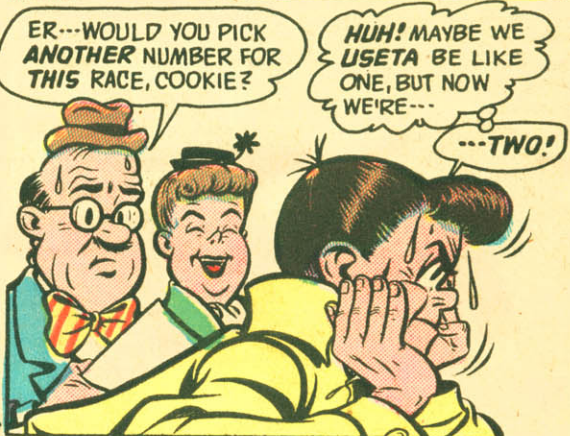
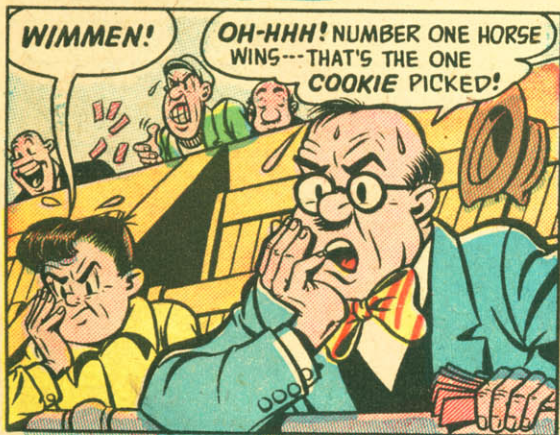
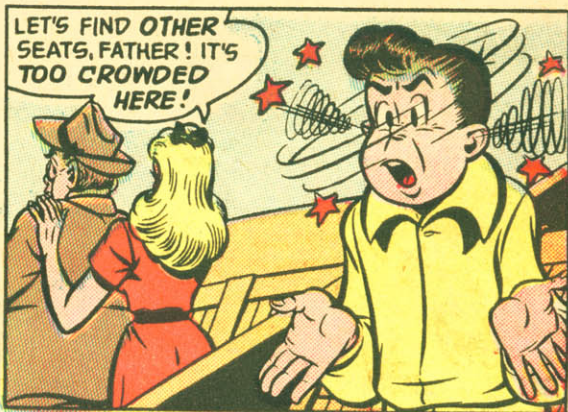
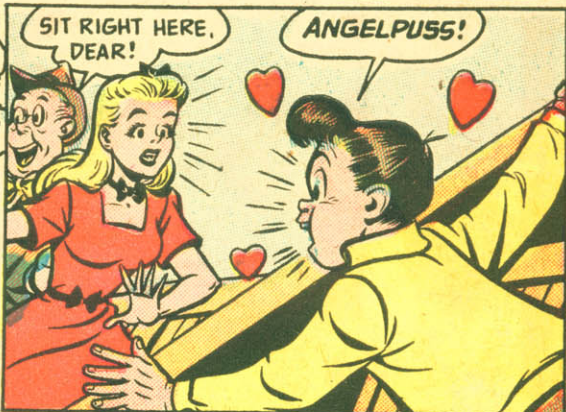
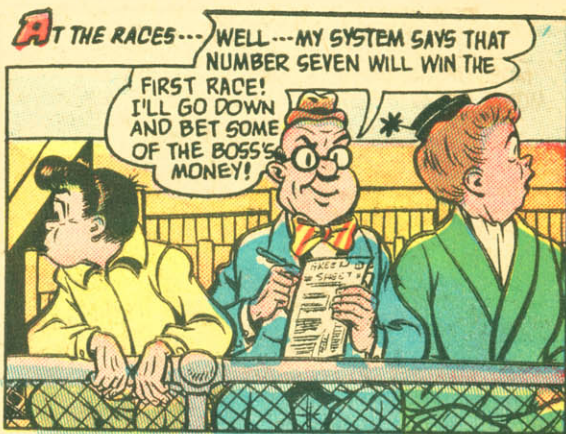
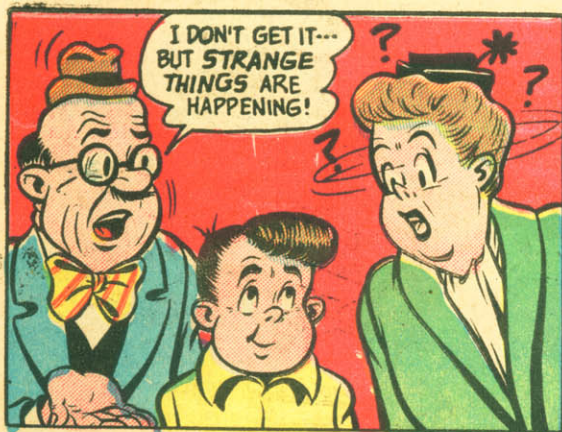
SO WOT WUZ ON YER RADAR SCREEN WHEN I STOPPED YA?



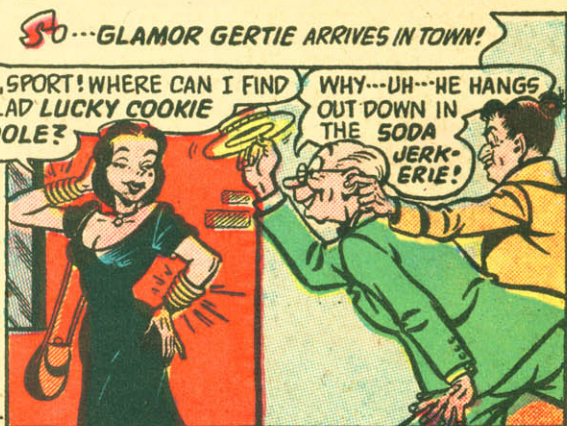
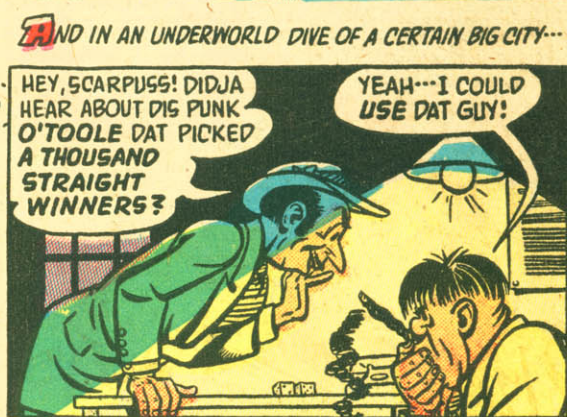
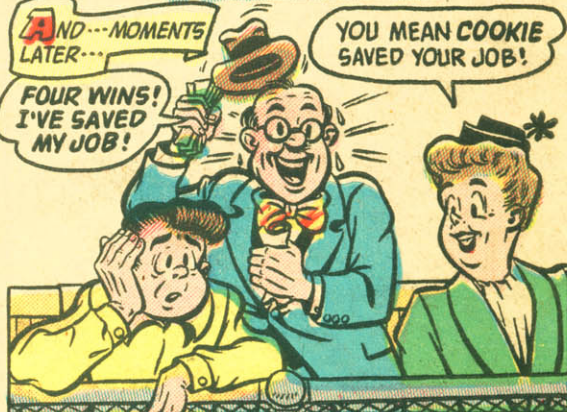
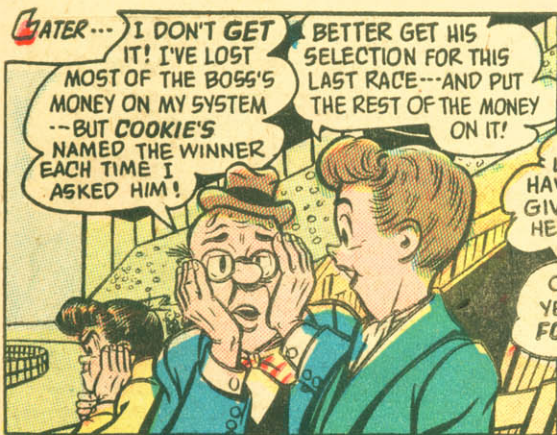




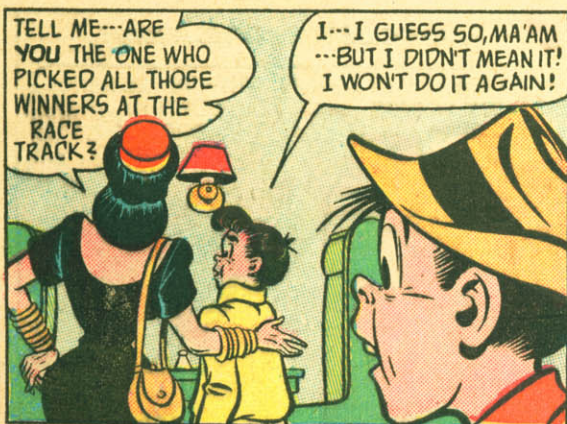
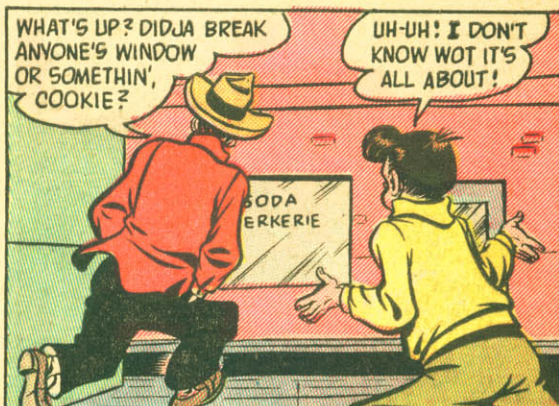
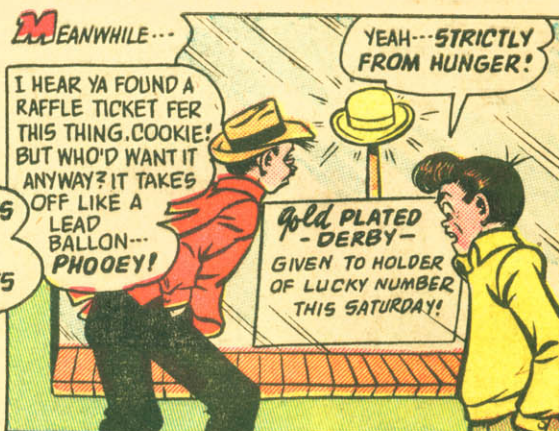




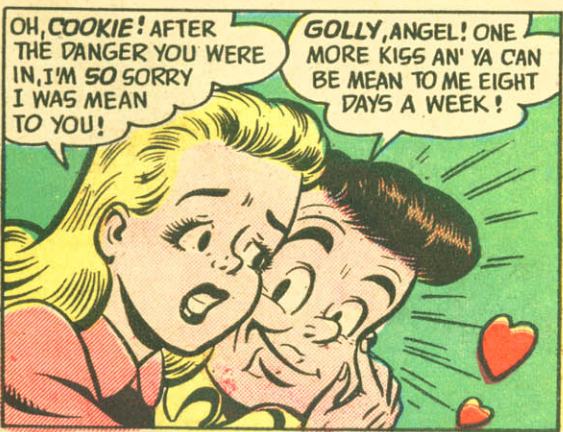
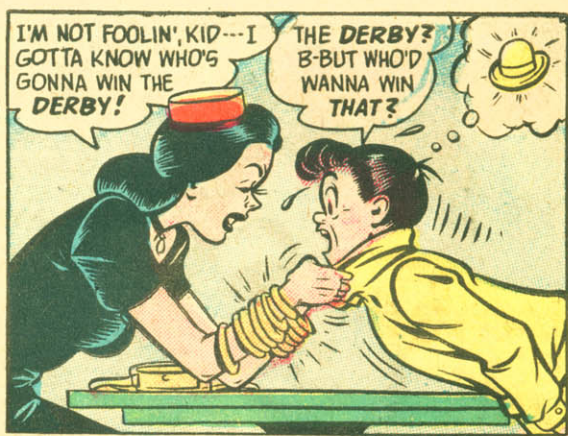
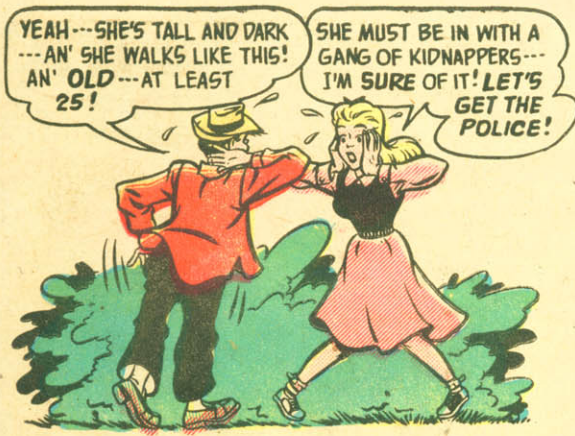














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Name.....

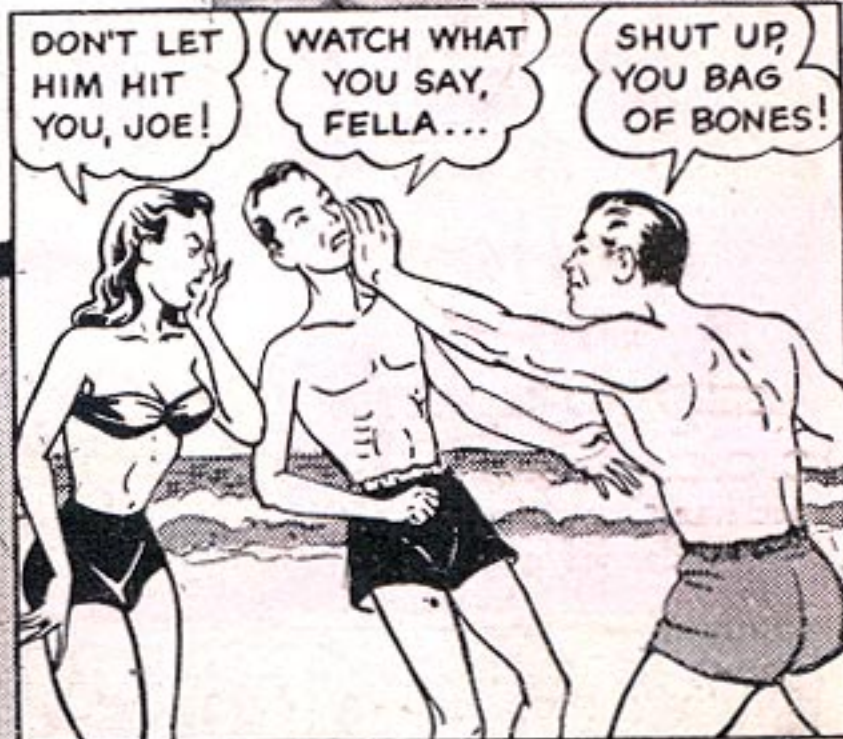
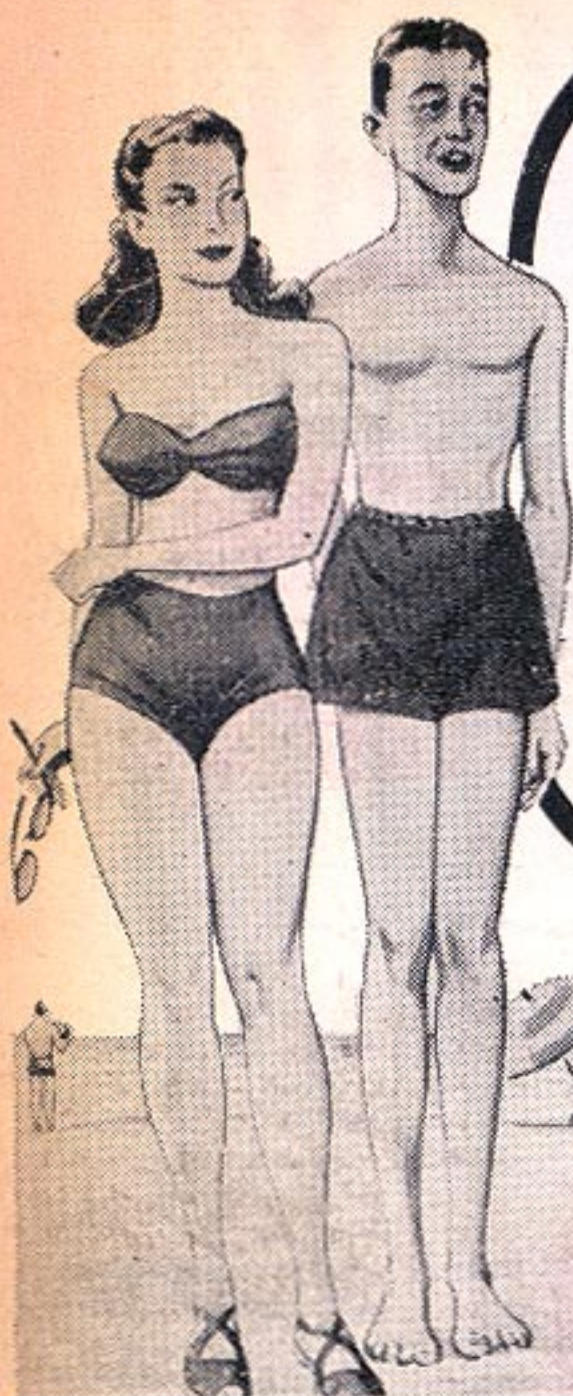
Address.....

City..... State.....



# Hey SKINNY!

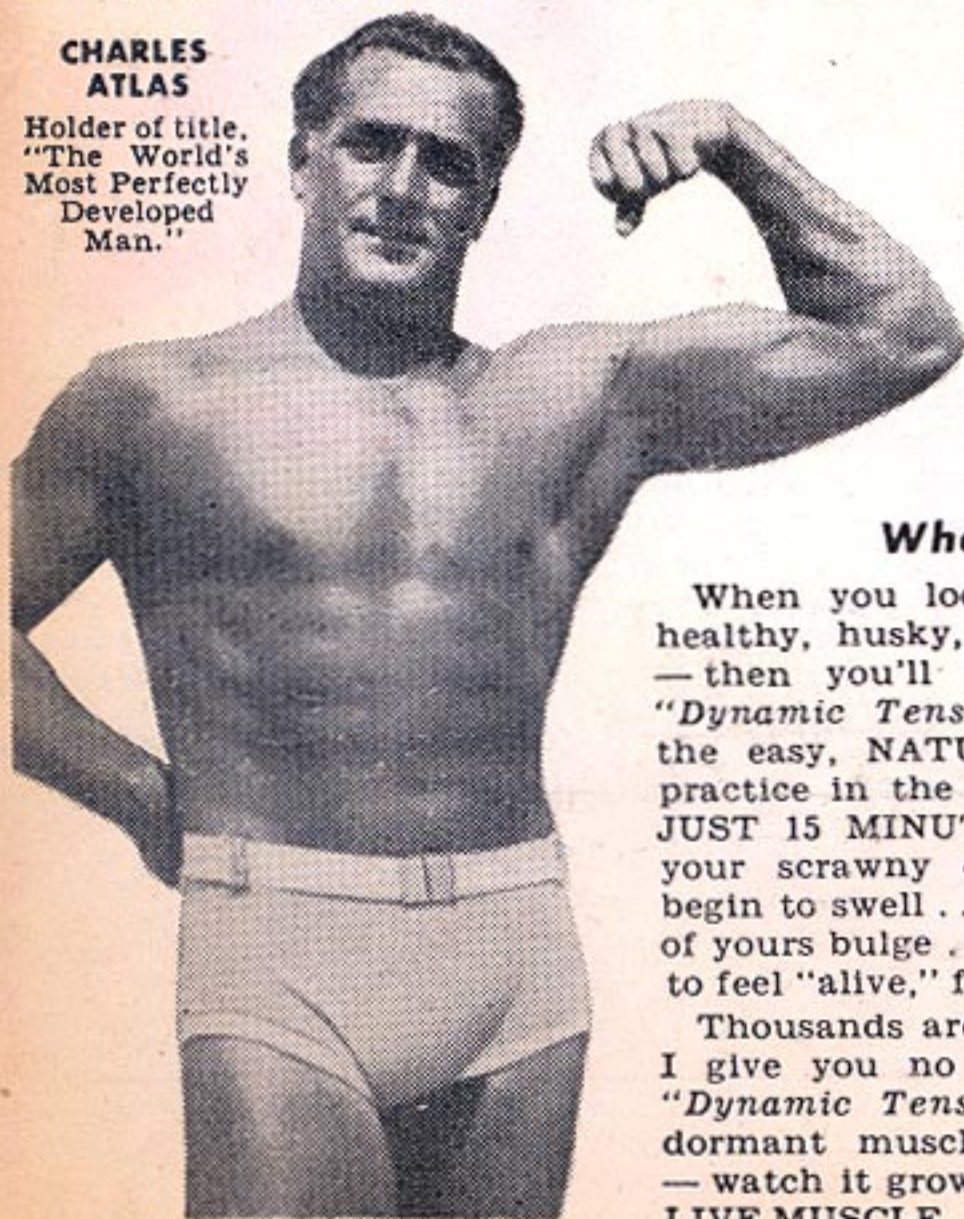
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